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THE STORY OF THE WAR

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THE OUTLOOK'S WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

THE week November 25 to December 2 ended the fourth month of the war. Germany had not yet completed the conquest of Belgium.

Inevitably one comes back repeatedly to the theory of strategy which—ever since the Franco-Russian Alliance—has been taught by the German military writers. German war plans were based on a "dashing attack" in the west, which would crush France before Russia could gather force.

If the German military theorists were right in believing that this was the one hope of German victory, the Germans are defeated. Russian armies, in full force, are hammering on the eastern front. And France, far from being crushed, is stronger to-day than when the war broke out. And England, after four months, is beginning to have an army which is too big to be ignored—an element which did not figure in the original German plans.

Immediately after the fall of Antwerp the Germans proved themselves unexpectedly strong in their rush towards the Channel ports. There was even some prospect of their overrunning all of northern France. But that offensive movement wore itself out against the stubborn resistance of the Allies in Flanders. The reports of the last week of November indicated that the Germans had accepted a defensive attitude. It was no longer a question of whether they could hack through to Calais or Paris, but whether the Allies had enough excess energy to assume the aggressive successfully and drive the Germans back.

THE CAMPAIGN IN POLAND

There is a noticeable tendency in the despatches from Germany to turn attention to the campaign in Poland. In Petrograd, Paris, and Berlin the newspapers are *guessing* at the situation. The censorship has been very strict. The only official news is that the fighting is severe and as yet undecided.

The general outlines of the strategy of this eastern campaign, which have often been discussed in these pages, still hold good.

From a strictly military point of view the northern and southern campaigns are of secondary importance; their significance depends on their effect on the central or Polish campaign. The Russians will strive to push westward on a fairly straight front from the Baltic to the Carpathian. Any force which advances noticeably beyond the main line will be threatened by flank attacks. The Germans, relying on their admirable railways to counteract their numerical inferiority, will try to check this advance by concentrating and breaking through first at one point, then at another.

This military plan will be influenced and modified by political considerations. The friends of the southern Slavs in Petrograd will be tempted to sacrifice the "grand strategy" of the Allies to overpush the Austrian campaign and bear help to the Serbs. The early Russian invasion of East Prussia had a political effect on Germany far in excess of its military importance. If it is true, as stated on good authority, that during the critical days of the Battle of the Marne the German army was weakened in France to repel the forces of General Rennenkampf, it will be an example—to be impressed on all future cadets—of the evil of allowing political considerations to influence military plans.

This East Prussian campaign was the first serious German aggressive against Russia. General von Hindenburg—now a Field Marshal—drove the Russians back of their fron-

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tier as far as the Niemen River. There the tide turned, and the Russians are once more on Prussian territory.

The second German aggressive culminated in the battles near Warsaw in October. In the first days of the war German forces had entered Poland. They encountered little resistance, but pushed forward slowly, as no large-scale campaign was planned. They were hardly more than scouting forces; they advanced to and occupied first Kalisz and then Lodz.

As the Russian advance in Galicia proceeded triumphantly, it became necessary for Germany to take the Russian menace seriously. First-line troops were despatched to stiffen the Austrian defense of Cracow, and heavy forces were sent into Poland to make a determined assault on the Russian center. Besides any advantage this move might win for itself—the destruction of a Russian army or the capture of Warsaw—it was obviously the best way to reduce pressure on the two flanks—East Prussia and Galicia.

This German advance was met and defeated by the Russians along the central reaches of the Vistula. The victory must have been smashing, for the German retreat was rapid. They were driven back to their own frontier, and at one place the Cossacks crossed it. But in its main purpose this drive at Warsaw had been at least partly successful. It had forced the Russians to concentrate in central Poland and to so reduce their southern army that the Austrians were able to reconquer Galicia up to the River San, to relieve the fortress of Przemysl, to reocuupy Bukovina and the Carpathian passes. The Russians had won a notable victory before Warsaw. They had met and defeated a first-class army. But the victory was not without heavy sacrifices to the south.

When we were reading in the papers that the Russians were at Pleschen—not very far from Breslau—the Germans were already launching their third aggressive, the campaign from which we now hear such conflicting reports. Starting from Thorn, one column began a drive up the valley of the Vistula. With remarkable recuperative power, the army which had retreated in record time from Warsaw was reorganized farther south and started on an almost simultaneous dash due east to effect a juncture with the army coming south from Thorn.

As we go to press this campaign is still undecided. Neither side makes official claims of a decisive victory. But the Russians claim to have checked both these armies before they were able to join hands. The significant thing about this campaign is that the Russians seemed confident of their ability to meet the German advance with the troops actually in Poland. Up to December 2 there was no indication that they were withdrawing troops to meet it from either flank. The Russians are making slight advances in East Prussia and have reconquered most of the Galician territory which they occupied before the German drive at Warsaw. Operations against Cracow are again announced to be "imminent."

AUSTRIA

In every way Austria, of all the Great Powers, has suffered most by the war. Her military prestige has crumpled utterly. Her army has taken four months to capture Belgrade, and except for German help the Cossacks might have been in Vienna before now. Much of her territory is already occupied.

She was not so well organized economically as the other Great Powers to meet the crisis, and there was much less unity among her people. In certain important sections of the Dual Monarchy the war was never popular. Newspapers in Hungary publish appalling lists of casualties among her crack guard regiments; the flower of her nobility and the Magyars are essentially aristocratic. Very many of her youth have fallen in Flanders fighting against the English, French, and Belgians, with whom the Hungarians have no quarrel. They were sacrificed to the German strategy at a time when Cossacks were overrunning the fertile plains of Hungary. Undoubtedly far-sighted statesmen—Austrian, Hungarian, Bohemian, and Polish—may realize that the fate of the two empires is indissolubly united, that in fighting for Germany Franz Josef is fighting for himself. But so far it is Austria that has paid. And if Pan-Germanism wins, it can mean only that the Hohenzollern has saved the Hapsburg from the Czar, that Austria is doomed to a deeper and more humiliating dependence.

One must not take too seriously the rumors of internal discord in Austria, nor of friction with Germany, but where there is so much smoke there is probably some fire.

THE SERVIAN SITUATION

Whatever the outcome of the war, the reputation of the Serbs as a fighting race has

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gone up immensely, despite the fall of Belgrade reported on the last day of our week.

The Servians came out of the two Balkan wars glorious—but almost bankrupt. They were "land poor." Instead of receiving a war indemnity they had to assume that share of the Turkish debt which the Powers allotted to the territory they annexed. They were faced by a pressing problem of organization. It was not only necessary to re-equip the army but to incorporate in it the recruits from the new provinces. It was the same with the civil administration. They had not only to find school-teachers to replace those who had fallen in battle, but schools had to be built in the villages from which they had driven the Turks. For this immense and urgent work Servia had little money.

Austria forced a new war. For four months the plucky Serb veterans have more than held their own. Their stubborn defense of Belgrade is the most amazing incident of the war. Some days ago it was announced that they had decided to reduce their army from 300,000 to 100,000. If this is true, it can mean only that they have run short of ammunition and equipment. I have not seen the report confirmed, but it is probable. Resources must tell in the long run. Unless the Allies can hasten effective aid to the Serbs they will inevitably suffer the fate of the Belgians—pawns sacrificed in the great chess game of the European war.

GERMANY'S REMAINING HOPE

If one takes into account only the foreseeable and probable elements of war, the German campaign has failed. The strength of the two Kaisers decreases in relation to that of their enemies. This seems to be the consensus of opinion among the military experts of neutral countries. But this does not mean that Germany's case is hopeless. A war is not over till the peace is signed—and not always then. But Germany's one hope must be the unexpected.

An internal revolution in one of the enemy's countries, discord among the Allies, are examples of the unforeseeable events which might completely change the face of the situation.

One incalculable element of a more military nature is the resisting power of human nerves. Such fighting as that in Flanders introduces a "strain" which was never before known in war. The men have been subjected to immensely trying conditions with too little chance for rest. Men who have been at the front say that no panic, no collapse—on either side—would surprise them. The Red Cross doctors report that the ravages of "mental strain" are as appalling as those of bullets and disease. And this strain has not been confined to—nor greatest among—the men in the trenches. Almost any form of aberration would be credible among the officers and men who have fought these four months.

An incalculable element in the war which is frequently referred to in the press is the menace of the Zeppelins. The actual value of these leviathans of the air is untested, and therefore unknown. It is not even certain that the Antwerp bombs were dropped from a Zeppelin. An eye-witness reports that the air-ship in question was an old-fashioned Parseval. There is certainly no official report of a raid by a fleet of Zeppelins.

Why the Germans have not attempted any great *coup* with their air-ships is a mystery. If in the very first days of the war Zeppelins had attacked the principal cities of Europe, the moral effect would have been stupendous. It is in the beginning of a war that political dissensions and general disorganization are most probable. The Parisians and Londoners, instead of seeing these air monsters overhead, instead of watching great conflagrations and listening to thunderous explosions, read in the papers that a German air-ship—probably a "Taube"—had dropped a bomb in the small town of Lunéville, which killed a few people and blew out the side of a church. One can imagine the English heaving sighs of relief and saying, "This is little worse than the suffragettes." So far, the dropping of explosives from German aircraft has done little more than familiarize the public with the idea and rob it of much of its terror. The loss of lives and property to non-combatants from this source has been insignificant. Every day that passes lessens their possible effect on civilian populations. As the Germans had a dozen or more Zeppelins in commission at the outbreak of the war, it seems evident that this was not the use for which they were intended.

But the ominous fact remains that the Germans have not exerted their full strength in the air, and, according to all reports, they are busily at work building new Zeppelins. Their aeroplanes have performed valuable routine work for the army, but very little more or less than has been accomplished by the Allies' aircraft. But, so far, the Zeppe-

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lins—in which the Germans have an undisputed superiority over their enemies—have not entered the lists.

Personally I am much surprised that we have not heard more from them. I did not think, and do not think, that they will prove a deciding factor in the war. But I cannot understand why they have not been tried.

We may be entirely sure that the German Government is using on this problem of how to get the greatest effect from their Zeppelins the most highly trained technical brains in the world. They have some reason for not launching a raid and they have some reason for building more of them. It is not atmospheric conditions which are holding them in check, because from August to November they have had almost every variety of weather from summer heat to winter fogs and storms.

They are probably not planning to use them in land warfare. Bombs dropped from aeroplanes are now a commonplace, and, except for occasional lucky strikes, have not proved serious. It is even more unlikely that they are planning to use them for the transport of troops. Few, if any, of the Zeppelins could carry a hundred men besides their crew. And if their object had been to terrorize civilians they would have used them long ago.

So, by a process of elimination—a very uncertain process in such a matter—it looks as if the Zeppelins were to be used against the British fleet. It is quite impossible to answer the question of how effective they will prove. Naval officers who had all the information which was available at the outbreak of the war make light of the menace. They admit the possibility of a few battle-ships being wrecked by chance and lucky bombs, but they point out that German aeroplanes have failed to wreck the wireless station of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, which is stationary; there is less chance, they say, of hitting a ship in motion. Their contention is that before any kind of an air-ship can make its aim accurate it must come down within easy range.

There is, however, the chance that the Zeppelin raid is being postponed until some new and deadly contrivance—unknown to our naval men—is perfected and installed.

The value of these giant air-ships is the most-discussed enigma of the present situation—one of the unknown quantities of the European equation. The unknown is always fearsome. It is always worth consideration.

I shall be greatly surprised if these German air-ships succeed in destroying the British fleet. But, as far as I can see, some such surprise as this is Germany's only hope.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE CROWN PRINCE

Much interest has been stirred by a long interview which was granted to an American newspaper man named von Wiegand by the German Crown Prince. The pen picture of the heir to the Kaiser's throne which is here presented is amiable to a degree. And this young gentleman, who has generally been portrayed as a fire-eater, the leader of the sinister war party, is reported to have pronounced the present conflict senseless.

After all, the personality and the private views of the Crown Prince are not very important. More and more the modern sovereign tends to become the servant of his people—or of a court clique.

European princes are faced by a dilemma from which there is no escape. They must either be insignificant or identify themselves with some party opposed to the policy of the sovereign. The well-brought-up Princes of Wales content themselves with wearing exact clothes and laying foundation stones. In politics they hardly exist. The princes of the Continent are not so suppressed. And if an heir apparent wants to see his name in the papers, he must publicly differentiate himself from the reigning sovereign. The late Archduke of Austria, as Franz Josef claimed to be in favor of peace, had to be bellicose or obscure. The aged Emperor favored the Hungarians, so his heir led the Pan-Germanic faction. The present Kaiser was frequently in violent disagreement with his father. And when the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Wilhelm II, it became inevitable that the Crown Prince should head the war party. His father had to sentence the young man—he is only a trifle over thirty—to practical exile in Dantzig because of some of his indiscretions. The publicists of the Allies have collected many glaringly jingoist quotations from the Crown Prince's discourses, but there is no more reason to believe that they represent the real man and his ambitions than this recent carefully staged interview, the obvious intention of which was to show him to Americans under a favorable light.

It is the tragedy of kingship these days that any one who dared to be himself—for publication—would surely lose his job.

New York City, December 2, 1914.

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THE WEEK

CONGRESS

Before this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers the closing short session of the Sixty-third Congress will doubtless have convened. It is "the short session" because, by law, it must end at noon on March 4, 1915.

Nevertheless its programme is interesting. First of all, there are the special financial measures, especially that concerning rural credits. Then come the measures which have to do with the conservation of our natural resources. Then there are the Philippines Bill, the Seaman's Bill, and the Ship Purchase Bill.

Finally, a new River and Harbor Bill is promised. It remains to be seen whether this measure, like its predecessors, means simply political pull and "pork barrel" methods. There is one way to stop this sort of thing, and that is to follow the plan suggested last September in the House of Representatives by Mr. Frear, of Wisconsin:

> The abolishment of pork-barrel legislation can be brought about by a strong advisory board of high-class men, to include army and civil engineers and members of the Cabinet. This board ought to be appointed by the President and to have supervision of all waterways, making its annual recommendations to Congress in the same manner that Cabinet officials present their recommendations. . . .
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> Good projects would be approved by a high-class board, and worthless, wasteful projects discarded. These latter projects—and there are many of them—together with political pull, will join hands in opposing any change in the present disgraceful system.
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> Congress can cure a growing cancer only by using the surgeon's knife. Such cure would reduce the present heavy tax burdens and give many millions of dollars annually to legitimate governmental expenditures.
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> More important by far, such change in handling the waterway problem would make short shrift of the annual legislative curse which poisons all other legislation by its system of barter and trade and other influences with which it comes in contact.
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> We have smashed the 1914 barrel, or knocked it down into keg size, but in character it is still a generous sample of the larger barrel. Apart from the saving in funds, no permanent good has yet been accomplished. . . . Let us place the power and responsibility in the hands of a high-class board which will command the confidence of the American Congress and of the country.

Would that the short session to Congress might immortalize itself by establishing this reform!

POLITICAL CHAOS IN MEXICO

A year ago, in describing Mexican conditions, The Outlook used the headline "Political Chaos." The phrase was quite as applicable on December 1, 1914, as it was on December 1, 1913. Last week on that date Villa's forces occupied one end of Mexico City, Zapata the other. Gutierrez, Provisional President according to Villa, was expected in the capital; Carranza, Provisional President according to Carranza, was at Vera Cruz. Minor Mexican generals were giving in their adhesion to one faction or the other. Railway communication between Mexico City and Vera Cruz was broken; Tampico had yielded in advance before an expected attack by Villa's forces. Despatches from all Mexican centers were censored. Unless Carranza gives up the struggle, a fierce war is inevitable.

So, on the part of the United States begins another year of more or less watchful but certainly weary waiting for the time when Mexico shall be at peace, American citizens safe, property and commerce secure. With a bandit and an ex-bandit in power at Mexico's capital, the prospect cannot be regarded as reassuring; in some respects it is worse than it was a year ago.

It is only fair to add that reports indicate that Zapata has preserved order in Mexico City—if his men did shoot up a fire-engine on its way to a fire, it was only because these horsemen of the plains took it for a new and horrid kind of war engine. Villa, too, is to be credited with another protest against the assertion that he wants to be President—or at least Provisional President. His mind, it seems, is turned toward foreign travel when once Mexico is placated.

Meanwhile despatches from Washington report that "in general, officials are greatly cheered over the Mexican situation"!

THE DUTY OF NEUTRALS

It has recently been reported in the newspapers that two months ago the President sent an unofficial communication to the belligerents in the world war, remonstrating against bomb-throwing on unfortified cities. We hope that this report is true.

Neutrality is not indifference. The neu-

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tral owes something other than simply to sit still and congratulate itself that it is not involved in the war, and that if it is sufficiently shrewd it can get some of the world's commerce away from some of the belligerents and perhaps make a good thing out of their misfortune. There does not seem to be much of this feeling in America; but are we entirely free from it? The neutral owes duties to the world. A leading neutral like the United States, not merely formally neutral, but really wholly out of the combat, might possibly combine with the A B C Republics of South America not only in securing, as they have apparently proposed, a larger zone of neutral waters for neutral commerce, but also in remonstrating against any violation of the accepted rules of civilized warfare. We may not be able to secure peace. We certainly cannot do so by crying, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. But if we can do anything to ameliorate the barbarism of war by moral influence, we ought to do so; and if the President has taken any such steps as have been reported, we congratulate him and the country.

A CASE IN POINT

Neutrality is not timidity. The duty of observing neutrality does not involve the avoidance of obligation.

A friend of The Outlook's who was born in Turkey, of missionary parents, who has an affection for that country, and who believes that there is much good in its Mohammedan population, writes to us with some concern regarding the danger to our country of counsels of caution at this time. "I have been in Turkey," she writes, "during different perilous times when British warvessels and British consuls did everything to protect American lives, risking their own, and making no distinction between English and American; and now to have our officers told to be polite to the British and French but to give them no substantial protection, leaving them to the mercy of the German Turks, seems to me monstrous." We do not know whether the report of such instructions to our officers in Turkey is well founded or not. We hope that it is untrue. We cite this expression of feeling on the part of one who knows Turkey to illustrate the point that we have made, that neutrality is neither indifference nor timidity, and that neutral nations have not only duties to themselves but to the world.

NATIONAL SECURITY

Convinced that the country should know whether its defenses are in a state of preparedness or not, and, if not, what should be done to provide adequate defense, a hundred and fifty men of various walks of life gathered at the Hotel Belmont in New York City last week and established the National Security League. The gathering was called together by a group of men consisting of S. Stanwood Menken, Herbert Barry, George Haven Putnam, Lawrence F. Abbott, J. Mayhew Wainwright, Charles E. Lydecker, and Franklin Q. Brown.

The purpose of the League as established is twofold: First, to secure a public investigation of the question of National defense by National action in such a form that the people of the country may be made acquainted with the essential facts; and, second, to secure from Congress such action as the facts, when obtained, may show to be necessary.

The principle on which this League acts may be likened to that under which the present currency system was secured. In that case a commission of eminent men competent for the purpose was created by Congress to inquire into the Nation's needs with reference to the currency and to recommend a system. That commission made such an investigation, and reported its recommendation, and out of the work of that commission has been developed the reformed currency and banking system which is generally regarded as the greatest achievement of recent years in National legislation. The adequate defense of the country against aggression or against efforts to thwart the fulfillment of its international obligations is as important as the establishment of a sound currency system, and should be likewise based on full knowledge. It cannot be secured in a democratic country without the support of public opinion, and that opinion is of value only as it is informed. The only possible objection that can logically be directed against this undertaking is founded upon the belief that a few men can decide such a question, and that the public does not need to be enlightened.

ADMIRAL MAHAN

Alfred Thayer Mahan is dead at the age of seventy-four. The event comes as a shock to those who knew him well.

To those who did not, his reserved, rather

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austere manner and his soft, gentle voice seemed hardly appropriate to the popular ideal of a "sea-dog." Very tall, slender and erect, with cameo-like, chiseled features, and with singularly blue and piercing eyes, Admiral Mahan's figure would attract attention in any crowd.

His appearance, conversation, and deeply moral and religious nature accorded well with the opinions set forth in his books. They were the opinions not only of one who physically and mentally looked over the heads of most others and whose horizon was broader than theirs, but who was absolutely sure of his facts, and who was rarely swayed by personal prejudice.

Hence, in 1890, when Captain Mahan wrote "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," the book made the author known round the world. It was an unprecedentedly comprehensive formulation of the philosophy of British sea power. Its inevitable tribute to the British navy made its author instantly popular in England, so that when he visited that country shortly after on the Chicago he received more attention than did his chief, Admiral Erben. Oxford and Cambridge gave him degrees, as did the principal American universities.

But the book's most striking influence was in Germany. Indeed, it seems responsible for the new German navy, because, more than any other influence, it taught the Germans the essential importance to be obtained only by sea power. The German Emperor at once called it the greatest work, not only on sea power, but also on modern naval affairs. He ordered a translation of it placed in the library of every German war-ship, and commanded all German naval officers to study it.

In 1896, after forty years of service, on his own application, Admiral Mahan retired, in order to devote himself to further writing. Only once was he recalled to active naval duty, namely, during the war with Spain, when he was appointed a member of the Naval War Board. Once, too, he was called to diplomatic duty, namely, in 1899, when he was appointed one of our delegates to the first Hague Peace Conference. His co-operation added immensely to American influence at that Conference.

ADMIRAL MAHAN'S OPINIONS

While Admiral Mahan's further books on sea power and his biographies of Farragut and Nelson give him high place among naval historians and philosophers, he is not so well known in this country as a critic of recent American history. Hence it is interesting briefly to review a few of his opinions in that respect.

While agreeing in John Hay's policy of the Open Door for China, and holding with him that a deterrent factor might be the attitude of Russia and Japan, he did not fail to point out that we must always interpret Japan's attitude in the light of her nearness to China, of the commercial advantages conferred by quick transportation and of her cheap labor, and that China's very weakness would naturally invite a feeling of commercial proprietorship on the part of others.

Our action in Panama, under the same Secretary of State, also met with Admiral Mahan's approval. The Treaty of 1846, guaranteeing Colombian sovereignty only as against foreign invasion, did not apply, he said, as the occasion was one of domestic disturbance; and if the treaty did not apply, the right sanctioning forcible intervention remained.

Later came the question of the fortification of the Panama Canal. In demanding fortification, Admiral Mahan showed that the question was really one of preserving the essential line of naval communication.

With regard to the Monroe Doctrine, Admiral Mahan declared that it was a vain thing if we had not the physical force to make it respected. A like consideration, he added, was compelling Germany to build up a new navy.

Despite his recognition of the fact that force must be recognized, first of all, as a factor in certain disputes, he had a large appreciation of the value of arbitration. He believed that arbitration should not merely settle many disputes which threaten war, but should also do something to rectify the inequalities which place nations on different planes of advantage, and thus produce jealousies that lead to war.

Finally, as became both a true warrior and a student of history, Admiral Mahan rejected the idea of certain pacifists that war is really only the outcome of material self-interest. He justly retorted that to regard such motives as self-respect, resentment against injustice, or hatred of oppression as overbalanced and inoperative is not only to misread history but to ignore it.

In the passing of this man the world loses

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a great publicist. But America loses one whom just now she can ill afford to lose. For never was there a time when the problem of our country's defense more needed the influence of a man of Mahan's vision and sanity.

BOTH BY LAND AND BY SEA

To the New York "Times" we are indebted for the story of two incidents of the war which form a welcome contrast to the bulk of the heart-breaking news from overseas. One incident deals with the sea and one with the land. One is told of two sea captains whose names are familiar to a large share of the traveling public, the other is recounted by an artist whose work has brought happiness throughout the United States. We will let the "Times" tell the first incident in its own language:

> Daniel Dow and Hans Ruser are "alien enemies," the one to the other. They are, moreover, officers of the Naval Reserve of their respective countries. One is captain of the Lusitania, the other of the Vaterland, the "crack" ships of the rival lines. When Captain Dow, some weeks since, heard of a rumor that British ships were signaling offensive messages to the Vaterland, he happened to be dining with Captain Ruser and his wife.
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> "I told him what I had heard," said Captain Dow, "and he smiled. 'Friend Hans,' I said, 'we will do something to give this report the lie when I sail on Wednesday morning for Liverpool. You have your crew on deck aft with the quartermaster standing by the ensign when I go out, and I will look out for the ship.'
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> "As the Lusitania passed the Vaterland I dipped the ensign to the German liner and Captain Ruser dipped his in return."

That these two men in the stress of wartime have been able to see more clearly and with calmer vision than the scholars and "intellectuals" who have been generally credited with moving in a world that knew no bounds of nationalism is a promising omen for the time when the restoration of peace may mean restoration of good will and the creation of a genuine international understanding.

The second incident is described in an interview with Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, who has returned to this country after active service as an officer in the Russian campaign. Mr. Kreisler was wounded in the thigh in a hand-to-hand combat with Cossack cavalry, and left unconscious on the field for several hours. Happily for himself and for lovers of music throughout the world, his arms and fingers were unhurt.

In his account of his share in the campaign he gave a dramatic account of the manner in which the fears, hopes, and the customs of ordinary civilization disappear from the heart and mind of a soldier in war. "There is nothing else left in your mind," he says, "but the fact that hordes of men you belong with are fighting with other hordes and your side must win. This is your complete psychosis. It is only some tremendous force like this warfare that can so destroy the individual's conception of himself while he still lives." But yet even under such terrible conditions of hatred and distress Mr. Kreisler found that some of the amenities of life still remained, although expressed in an abnormal form. Perhaps the most dramatic of the incidents which Mr. Kreisler records is one which happened in the trenches during the progress of an active battle:

> "I remember once that a Russian officer tottered out of one of their trenches waving a rag on the end of his sword. The firing ceased. He came to our lines. Under his arm was a bottle of wine. He said he had had nothing to eat for five days and could stand it no longer, and proposed that we exchange some bread for his wine. We scraped together some mildewed pieces of bread and gave them to him. He stumbled back to his lines. He had spoken to us and we to him, and I remember we gave him a handful of cigarettes for his comrades. When he got back to his trenches, the firing was resumed, but there had been an unofficial truce for twenty minutes. The next morning, I am sorry to say, I stumbled across his dead body."

If the war has proved nothing else, it has at least demonstrated the fact that courage, courtesy, and chivalry are not the sole possession of any one race or of any one century. There remains for the world the problem of learning how to devote these high qualities to the cause of international justice and the maintenance of righteous peace.

A COLORADO STRIKE COMMISSION

Without waiting longer to obtain the cooperation of the mine managers in Colorado, President Wilson has named a Commission of three to take up the question of the strike in the Colorado mines, and also "to create the instrumentality by which like troubles and

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disputes may be amicably and honorably settled in the future." The members of this Commission are Seth Low, of New York; Charles W. Mills, of Philadelphia; and Patrick Gilday, of Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Gilday is President of the Second District of the United Mine Workers of America, and thus may be regarded as representing on this Commission the interests of the wage-earners. Mr. Mills is a member of a firm that is the principal owner of a coal company, and thus may be regarded as representing on this Commission the interests of the owners of capital. Both of these gentlemen have had experience as conciliators, having been colleagues in the conciliation undertaken in the case of the Westinghouse strike in Pittsburgh. The third member, who may be regarded as representing the public on this Commission, Mr. Low, has long been prominent in the movement to bring about the rational settlement of labor disputes, specifically in his activities as President of the National Civic Federation.

In establishing this Commission President Wilson is following the precedent set by President Roosevelt in establishing the Anthracite Commission. There is nothing in the Constitution or the laws of the United States authorizing the President to act in this way; but such action is entirely justifiable on the ground that there is nothing in the laws or Constitution of the United States forbidding him to do so, and there is every reason why the man who occupies the Presidency should employ every lawful means in great emergencies to exert the influence that the office gives him as the one representative of the whole people to promote order and establish justice.

For twelve months the state of private war between the miners' organizations and the mine managers in Colorado has continued. That it has not been marked by a state of continuous active combat is largely due to the presence of Federal troops. It is intolerable that such a state of affairs should continue for so long a time, and it is humiliating that it should exist at all. The President some time ago proposed a "truce" on certain conditions which were acceptable to the miners' organizations but not to the operators. Whatever the merits of such a controversy are, the country cannot maintain its self-respect and at the same time allow the settlement of the issue to depend upon anything like private war. We hope that the Commission which the President has named will succeed; but if it does not, the Nation must assert its power and sovereignty; and if there is no other way to do it, we see no reason why mines which, however financially sound they may be, are bankrupt in those resources which make for human co-operation, should not be placed in the hands of a receiver by the Federal Government.

FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

One of the too little known and yet really great conventions of the autumn season in the East was the annual meeting of the New York State Teachers Association, held at Albany on November 23, 24, and 25. This Association is composed of the teachers and officers of the public school system of the entire State. They form a group—a very large group—of men and women, devoted, self-sacrificing, patient, and modest, who are doing a great work for the State and its citizens. Such a convention as that which has just been held in Albany depends for its value quite as much upon its spirit and atmosphere as upon any specific events or concrete facts which can be tabulated about it.

The public school system of New York State has at its head Dr. John H. Finley, the new Commissioner, a man who is not only accomplished in the technique of his profession but is highly inspirational in his attitude towards it. His enthusiasm and leadership were felt everywhere during the three days of the convention. As in all such gatherings, much of the work was done in small conferences and round-table meetings. Some of the subjects discussed at these round-table conferences were English, elementary school work, normal school teaching, music, elocution, commercial training, care of abnormal and backward children, modern languages, penmanship, history, the classics, school journalism, the education of the immigrant, school administration, hygiene, scientific teaching, and their many subdivisions. There were also at the three general meetings, held at the auditorium of the State Armory, five important addresses on general subjects of education by five speakers of National reputation: Governor Glynn; Dr. Finley; President Faunce, of Brown University; Dr. David Starr Jordan, lately of Stanford University; and Miss Katharine B. Davis, the Commissioner of Charities and Correction in the city of New York.

We wish every public school teacher in the

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United States could have heard Dr. Faunce tell the story of how Mayor Patrick McCarthy, of Providence, Rhode Island, received, as a barefoot boy in Cambridge, Massachusetts, his first impulse towards an intellectual life from coming into personal contact with Professor Charles Eliot Norton. The first text-book that Mr. Norton used in starting the little Irish cowkeeper on the road to civic usefulness and distinction was "David Copperfield." The real teacher has understanding of and sympathy with human life. It was this quality of human sympathy that enabled Charles Eliot Norton to use Dickens and Dante with equal sincerity and with equal success in his teaching. Dr. Faunce, while recognizing the great value of modern buildings, scientific appliances, and correct methods of teaching, urged that a factor more important to our schools than all these put together is the "dynamic personality" of the teacher as illustrated in the story of Charles Eliot Norton and Patrick McCarthy.

The public school is the corner-stone of American institutions, and it is a fine thing for a great company of public school teachers and officers to gather once a year for instruction, encouragement, and mutual inspiration.

MR. HAMMOND'S TORPEDO

A year ago an article appeared in "McClure's Magazine" that described the work that had been accomplished by young Mr. John Hays Hammond, Jr., in the direction of creating a radio-controlled torpedo. From this article The Outlook quoted at the time of its publication. For several months now Mr. Hammond's invention has been under observation by the coast defense experts of our army, and every sign points to the fact that the tests of his new discovery have been most satisfactory. Mr. Hammond's work is said to be far in advance of anything in the way of radio control that has been developed in Europe, and his experiments have been carried on with such care that the United States is assured of the exclusive use of this new weapon of offense and defense for an indefinite period. What this new weapon means to our army is described in the following statement made by General E. M. Weaver, Chief of Coast Artillery:

> Mr. Hammond has, in the opinion of the Chief of Coast Artillery, at the present time worked out the details of radio control so as to make it possible to apply it in the form of a spar torpedo to a motor boat. His further experiments point to a satisfactory solution of the problem of applying his equipment to a submerged torpedo under radio control from shore. The distance to which this control can be exercised is limited only by the distinctness of vision aided by telescopes.
>
> It should be pointed out that this new type of weapon does not displace the submarine mine defense. The radio-controlled torpedo is an offensive weapon, and, like the projectiles of guns and mortars, seeks its own target and seeks it under constantly controlled direction.
>
> If such a means of attack were added to those we now have, we would then be able to attack an enemy's ships by mortar fire falling vertically on the decks of the ships, by gun-fire against the side, turret, and barbette armor, and by submarine mines and radio-controlled torpedo below water. The controllable, mobile type of torpedo has been always considered desirable as a feature of coast-defense armament, but no practical solution of the problem has heretofore been offered.

In the pictorial section of this week's Outlook there is published a photograph of Mr. Hammond's launch as it appears when traveling under electric control from the shore. The Natalia has been sent eight miles offshore to a definite goal and then brought back to her dock without any other control upon her helm and motive power than that exercised through the mysterious agency of an electric spark.

Together with the picture of the Natalia is published a picture of what Mr. Hammond describes as an electric dog. This little box on wheels, with the two bulging eyes that give it a grotesque resemblance to animal form, follows its "master" around the room, guided and repelled by a ray of light. It is fortunate for Mr. Hammond that he picked out a comparatively unsuperstitious century in which to be born, for otherwise we fear that his efforts would have resulted in his being offered the privilege of choosing between a bath of boiling oil or the opportunity of being grilled to his executioner's taste.

EUGÈNE BRIEUX

Émile Boutroux and Henri Bergson have recently visited America. Their lectures here marked our better understanding of philosophy in general and of modern French philosophy in particular.

An equally important event in our better acquaintance with French life is the visit of Eugène Brieux, the eminent playwright. He is best known here as the author of "Les

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Avariés" (Damaged Goods), but his fame in France rests quite as much on some of his other plays, "Le Berceau," "La Robe Rouge," "Maternité," etc., in which he has sought to depict parental, judicial, and capitalistic oversight or tyranny or social iniquity.

As a "son of the people" it is natural that this dramatist's output should be for the benefit of the people. Yet he never permits his ideal to interfere with his art.

He is a born playwright, having constructed his first play, we are told, before he could read and write! As the theater can be the most popular and influential teacher of morals, his work, from first to last, has been to make the theater point out to the French public as impressively as possible the danger-spots in social life. His lectures in this country thus naturally center round those aspects of the drama which minister to social development, especially in connection with the perils not always considered in their true and terrible import, indeed often criminally ignored.

To listen to this author is to gain a new sense of his personal power. He belies our preconceived, traditional conception of a Frenchman. He looks far more like a Briton. Burly, big-boned, red-faced, virile, he speaks with a condensation of language betraying nothing of what we may have been pleased to deem French flamboyance. His speech is terse and full of meaning. His words are exact words; each falls into its proper place like the cubes in a tessellated pavement. At the same time, he reveals the essentially French characteristics of rapier-like wit, of gentle humor, even of broad burlesque.

THE ORPHAN SOLDIERS OF FRANCE

Above all, while scathing in his denunciation of meanness or cruelty, this French dramatist is compassionate to the helpless. Of this he has already given us a signal example during the present war. As is well known, President Poincaré detached him from his post of army duty to come to this country to represent the French Academy at the meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

But M. Brieux's work of mercy had already been started among the soldiers in the trenches. Some of those soldiers are without home cheer, for they are orphans. To them the great-hearted writer addressed this letter:

Of course there are very few among our soldiers who never receive any letters. But if there is only one, it is to him that I am writing.

I can just see you, my poor young lad; I can see your embarrassment and your sadness when the post sergeant appears, a bundle of letters in his hand, calling out name after name and distributing to eager hands the envelopes containing messages from the family and kisses from mothers. Everybody is intent and each one lends his ear. You know in advance that there is nothing for you! . . . Others have each a father and a mother; . . . you are all alone. You fight, however, as well as your comrades. . . . They fight to defend the homes of their ancestors, to defend their property. You have neither home . . . nor property, and yet you fight, with as much heart as those who receive letters by each mail. . . . You fight for the future. Others fight for the past and the present. . . . Indeed, if there is one who fights for an ideal it is you. . . .

Be not ashamed to be the one to whom no one writes. Be proud. Others are born into a family; you shall have the pride to create your own. They have received; you shall give. Your rôle is the finest.

Once more, my lad, courage and good luck. And let me send you an embrace, I who have no son to you who have no father.

Among the replies received we select two as published in the New York "Sun" of October 30, to which we refer our readers for the effect of this unique correspondence.

Dear Monsieur: I am allowing myself to write you a few words to thank you for the letter which you have written in the army paper. When the lieutenant asked the section if there was an orphan present, I replied, "Present." I was the only one. The lieutenant said, "There is a letter for you in the paper." I was very surprised and hastened to see who would give me this great pleasure. . . .

Yes, dear monsieur, I came from the public asylum of Dijon. For the joy of being free at the age of twenty-one I joined the army for two years' service for my country, and now I have no desire to leave it. Yet, as you say in your letter, I have always a great desire to return home. There is only sadness and unhappiness about me, so that it made me very happy to get your letter. . . .

Dear Master: Your letter to those "who receive no letters" has been read aloud to us here at the bottom of the trench, where we have lived for several days one hundred meters from the enemy. Among us there is one who never receives anything, and he asked me to give him the paper in order to copy it off with his huge,

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awkward hand. He scarcely knows how to read or write, this poor chap, but he will be able to read what he copies well enough when he is in trouble. One does not have to be learned to understand such words as these.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE MINIMUM WAGE

During the week in which this number of The Outlook appears—the week beginning December 7—the Supreme Court of the United States will hear oral arguments in one of the most important cases that has come before that tribunal in several years. This case will determine the constitutionality of the law establishing a minimum wage for women in Oregon. The decision of the Court is of extraordinary importance because it will either greatly encourage or vastly impede a growing Nation-wide movement for liberal labor legislation in regard to women based on the conviction that it is more important to the welfare of the community that the health of women in industry should be guarded than that the ancient right of freedom of contract should be upheld even when the contract calls for the deliverance of services upon conditions detrimental to the health of productive members of the community.

Eight States besides Oregon have enacted laws providing by various methods for the establishment of a legal minimum wage for women. These are California, Colorado, Minnesota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and Nebraska. Moreover, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, and Louisiana have had temporary commissions of inquiry, and, with New York, which has studied the situation through its State Factory Investigating Commission, will probably pass minimum wage legislation at the approaching sessions of their Legislatures if the Oregon statute is sustained by the Supreme Court.

A favorable decision on this case will mean a marked advance for the cause of humanitarian legislation. It will be remembered that already, within the past few years, the Federal Supreme Court has upheld the constitutionality of a law of Oregon and a law of Ohio protecting workingwomen against excessive hours of labor. In both these cases the Court was moved largely by the presentation of evidence that tended to prove the evil effects of excessive working hours on the health, morals, and efficiency of women.

In the hearing on this minimum wage law case a vast quantity of evidence will be presented to prove that it is contrary to the interests of the community to countenance the employment of women on less than a living wage. Perhaps in considering this case the judges of the Supreme Court will call to mind the words of the judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois, who, in protecting the women of that State against excessive working hours a few years ago, said:

"What we know as men we cannot profess to be ignorant of as judges."

THE FOOT AND MOUTH EPIZOÖTIC

The Outlook has already reported the prevalence throughout a great part of this country of a cattle disease that menaces the prosperity of one of the country's most vital industries. It is a pleasure now to record that, in the view of the Department of Agriculture, the quarantines already declared in several States have been sufficient to stop the movement of infected cattle, and that the disease, though still widespread, can now be held within the already quarantined areas. At the present time the States most seriously affected are Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania. These are all feeding States—that is, States in which the farmers make a practice of buying cattle and swine and fattening them for market. Outside of this belt the three New England States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts are still objects of the greatest concern, although the actual number of cattle already infected in these three States is comparatively small. It will probably be some time before the quarantine here can be lifted.

In New York State the situation is regarded as fairly well in hand. The greatest single loss in this State has been in a dairy herd of two hundred and eighty-nine cows found infected on Long Island. The entire herd, of a value of over twenty-two thousand dollars, had to be slaughtered. Infection was also found in the Buffalo stock-yards and their immediate vicinity. In Delaware the disease has been confined to Wilmington, and in New Jersey to Hudson County. A portion at least of these States, it is hoped, may be released from quarantine at an early date. Kentucky also, it is believed, will soon be free from quarantine. In Iowa and Wisconsin the infected areas appear to be definitely marked out, and portions of these States likewise may be soon released from restrictions upon trade.

The greatest encouragement of all, how-

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ever, is probably found in Michigan. Here the outbreak originated, and, through the infection of the Chicago stock-yards, spread fast. Now, however, it is believed that in this State all infected stock has been killed and buried, and risk of further spread of the disease destroyed. To make sure of this, however, a farm-to-farm inspection is being carried on throughout the State.

An entirely erroneous impression that the Federal Government, in quarantining for the foot-and-mouth disease, had prevented the shipment of dressed poultry into or out of quarantined States, had a very serious effect on the turkey industry of the United States, according to the poultry specialists of the Department of Agriculture. Studies of the Thanksgiving turkey markets in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia indicated that turkeys were scarce, and as a result prices ruled high on a very firm market.

The Department of Agriculture, wishing to save farmers in the important turkey-growing States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Texas, Indiana, and Illinois, has reiterated its previous announcement that there is no Federal quarantine or restriction on shipping dressed turkeys or other poultry from uninfected farms in quarantined States, and absolutely no Federal restriction as to shipment of dressed poultry into quarantined States. The Federal authorities are, of course, opposed to the movement of any produce from a farm which is quarantined, because of the actual presence on the farm of the foot-and-mouth disease.

A PLAN FOR CHRISTMAS

Aroused by the story of a newsboy who had waited patiently but vainly for a present at a municipal Christmas tree, a group of girl pupils in a high school decided to do something about it. With the aid of the Boy Scouts these Camp Fire Girls made Christmas mean a great deal to a number of children to whom the festival would have otherwise meant nothing at all. A correspondent, Miss Charlotte B. Herr, of Buhl, Idaho, a teacher in the school, tells us the story with the hope that it may suggest some similar action this Christmas on the part of boys and girls elsewhere.

Getting from a daily newspaper a list of the names of children in needy families, these young people undertook to give not only a Christmas tree, but also presents to as many poor children as there were pupils in the high school they attended.

Each of these young people selected from the list of children one for whose Christmas that year he would assume personal responsibility. For this child he would provide an inexpensive but suitable gift, preferably new, but, if some old possession of his own, one so mended and restored as to be in perfectly good condition. Out of savings the young people also provided a moderate sum for candy and oranges. Furthermore, each was to ask at home for something that would otherwise go to waste—outgrown clothing, a strip of carpet, an old piece of clothing, a glass of jelly; anything that a family could use was wanted. This offering need have no connection with the child he had picked out.

These articles were brought to the school building or collected by a committee of Boy Scouts. A large room had been secured at a settlement house for the celebration. Here a Christmas tree was erected. A programme of entertainment was arranged. Volunteers from the boys and girls who had some gift for music or some other accomplishment that could be used for the common enjoyment were called for.

For several days the classes in one of the rooms recited their lessons over a knee-high barricade of small boys' overcoats, caps, mittens, even piles of underwear and rows of baby shoes. Elsewhere in the school-house were rocking-chairs, bureaus, dressing-tables, and carpet. Even an old bicycle was found to answer the desire expressed in a misspelled letter; and the money saved by the generosity of a candy firm which refused payment for the candy procured was used in part for the purchase of new tires.

Three days before Christmas the presents were gathered together. The boys and girls worked with zest and enjoyment in sorting, tying, addressing, and placing the parcels in big baskets. These were carried out to waiting automobiles provided by the parents of some of the pupils for transporting the gifts to the settlement.

Much unsolicited and unexpected help came. A big wholesale house, hearing of the project, gave four hundred pairs of warm woolen mittens.

The programme was carried out with great success.

The winter of 1914 is to be a hard one for many of the poor. Perhaps this plan can be

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carried out in modified form in many places to bring the spirit of Christmas to those for whom Christmas now means but one day in weeks of hardship.

THE BELGIAN RELIEF COMMITTEE

Every one wants to help those who are suffering by reason of the war, especially the innocent Belgians. Checks should be drawn to the order of J. P. Morgan & Co., and sent to the Belgian Relief Committee, 10 Bridge Street, New York City.

Mr. Robert W. de Forest, Chairman of the Executive Committee, informs us that though the contributions now amount to nearly $600,000, something besides checks is needed—blankets and new clothing, including all sorts of knitted articles, shawls, mufflers, sweaters, etc. Old clothing cannot be received.

With regard to food supplies, the desire is for any of the following articles (charges prepaid and preferably in car-load lots) : wheat, flour, rice, coffee, peas, beans, canned goods, cured or salted meats, but *not* perishable goods, such as potatoes or apples and other fresh fruits. All shipments should be consigned to the Belgian Relief Committee, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, New York.

For supplies thus furnished, the Rockefeller Foundation will bear the expense of ocean transportation.

The arrangements for distribution are in charge of the American Committee in London, which has provided for distributing stations in Belgium under the immediate supervision of our Consuls in that country.

In all this there is, of course, no purpose to interfere with the freedom of any other organization to render aid in its own way.

THE RED CROSS

In the wider field of relief throughout the regions devastated by the war, there is, first of all, the work of the Red Cross for the wounded. Americans have contributed nearly a million dollars to the American Red Cross. This relief money is not spent in administrative expenses; it goes for purchasing necessary supplies, in the maintenance of a personnel, or in funds sent to the foreign Red Cross Societies or to hospitals in Europe. The American Red Cross accounts are open at any time to the public and are audited by the War Department.

In caring for thousands of the wounded the Red Cross personnel sent from this country is working with efficiency. It has sent out units of service rather than individuals, largely because American nurses should not necessarily work under foreign surgeons who may have an entirely different idea of trained-nursing service from that held in this country. The units, of course, are flexible, consisting of a larger or a smaller number of surgeons and nurses.

THE COMMITTEE OF MERCY

There is also a great work to be done in caring for the families of those at the front, despite the objection raised that in so doing one merely provides part of the pay of the soldiers. Be this as it may, the Prince of Wales's fund has been a success in its aim to care for British soldiers' families. In our own country special organizations exist for various similar national endeavors.

There is, however, an absolutely neutral organization, the Committee of Mercy, under the presidency of Senator Root, and with an office in the Fifth Avenue Building, New York City. To show the Committee's widespread and varied activity, we note that it sends money to the American Women's War Relief Committee in London; it appropriates money to buy shoes for women and children in France; it is forwarding four thousand sacks of flour to Belgium; it will make contributions to Germany and Austria if the necessity should arise; and last, not least, it has appropriated $1,000 for relief right here in New York City—for the families of reservists or for those whose destitution has been caused indirectly by the war. The General Committee is also forming State committees, and would be glad to receive the names of volunteers willing to serve.

A SERMON IN SILK

Because it is made up of stuff of life as intimate as one's clothes, Edward Knoblauch's new play, "My Lady's Dress," is more worth while than many other dramas produced this year.

It is really six little playlets woven into one play, just as little episodes make up the big episodes of life. It is only after it is all over that one realizes how much it is a sermon in silk, a dramatic tract. But it is as a play that it has interested the Broadway theater world, whose leaders are the tired

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business man and the matinée girl, and now the company is off to Brooklyn and thence to tour the country, returning to Manhattan in the spring.

"Where is my dress which you promised me? If that gown is not here in half an hour I'll never step into the shop again!" So my Lady begins the play. Many a woman, not necessarily of fashion and heartless, has telephoned so. In that query is the driving *motif* of the whole play. Mr. Knoblauch shows how it carries back three hundred years and into Italy, France, Flanders, and Siberia.

The dress arrives, and my Lady slumbers before she dresses, and in her dream all the human endeavors that have gone to produce her costume's silk, lace, flower, and fur are acted out for my Lady and for us. The cocoons for the silk become the center of a bitter episode in which the curse of overwork, envy, and poverty blight an Italian peasant wedding; the weaving of the material is wound about with a consumptive husband and a bibulous Samaritan; the one charming bit of comedy, set in peaceful Holland of the eighteenth century, is overshadowed by the succeeding scene, a Siberian trapper's wrecked romance. Next come pictures of a little flower-maker's pitiful home and the work and show rooms in a fashionable dress-making establishment in London, ending with a masterly bit of stage technique in the taking off of a murder-provoking villain.

So it appears that my Lady wears love and hate, drunkenness and idealism, ubiquitous poverty and tainted opulence.

Mary Boland and Leon Quartermaine revel in their parts, and naturally, since they become in turn Anne and John, Annette and Joanny, Nina and Gioann, Anna and Ivan, Antje and Ian, quick turns as in a sort of sublimated vaudeville.

Technically the play is gratifyingly clever, with but one exception. At the close Mr. Knoblauch is so anxious to make his lesson plain that his characters fall to preaching. When the maddened Anita, in the last act, obviously in desperate straits, uses half a dozen sentences to declaim the exploiting of women, the author insults both his art and his audience. With no need of words, the play pictures the whole problem of union labor, the minimum wage, and woman in industry. If the Consumers' League had had it written to order, it could not suit their purpose better.

THE WESTERN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Oxford, Ohio, like Cambridge, Massachusetts, has a name associated with academic distinction and has attained some academic distinction of its own. It is the seat of Miami University and two colleges for women—Oxford College and the Western College for Women. This quiet village was the scene of an academic function of consequence on November 4, when President Boyd, of the Western College, was inaugurated. Representatives of some sixty colleges and universities were in attendance, including delegates from four well-known Eastern colleges for women—Smith, Wells, Mount Holyoke, and Bryn Mawr. President Boyd comes to his new position from the Ohio State University, where he was Dean of the School of Education.

The Western College was built in 1855, and was modeled on the lines of Mount Holyoke. A number of its faculty have come from the mother college, among whom should be mentioned its able Dean, Dr. Mary Sawyer, who has served faithfully for over twenty-five years. The first President of Wellesley College was called from the faculty of the Western College.

Perhaps the most distinctive and interesting fact about what the Western College is doing at present has nothing to do with teaching at all. This college for women is maintaining what is called a "composition fellowship." This includes a farm-house studio and a charming home in the college which is put to the use of the holder of this fellowship, one of America's most eminent composers, Edgar Stillman Kelley. This is done for the purpose, not of having Mr. Kelley teach music (though he does teach once a week at the Cincinnati Conservatory), but for the sole purpose of enabling him to compose.

We do not know anything that quite parallels this in America. There are, of course, research fellowships to enable scholars to carry on investigations and to contribute to the world's store of knowledge; but we do not happen to know of any other case where an American college has established a fellowship for the purpose of enabling its holder to contribute to the world's store of art. Since Mr. Kelley has been at the Western College he has composed his "New England Symphony." This alone is enough to justify the experiment, for it is one of the few notable contributions of America to the world's musical treasury. It

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ought already to have been widely performed in this country. It has been performed once here, but its notable hearing, perhaps, was that which was accorded to it in Germany. It is an anomalous condition which allows the performance of all sorts of experimental and ephemeral work of European composers and which renders the performance of an American work largely a matter of personal influence. Fortunately, there is a prospect that Mr. Kelley's symphony will have a wide hearing. In addition to the symphony, Mr. Kelley has written a number of other compositions as well as his book on "Chopin, the Composer."

We commend to other colleges this plan of endowing composers. Unquestionably the musical literature of America was impoverished by the unreasonable burdens placed upon MacDowell. Unquestionably other composers have felt themselves cramped in this country because, while there is a great amount of money devoted to the performance of music, little is given for the encouragement of its composition. The Western College for Women ought to be proud of its distinction.

POVERTY AND PIGS

The South gave us the "Buy a Bale" slogan. Now it provides a new phrase, "Raise a Pig." The former was heard on behalf of the Southern planter, facing hard times with the prospect of a cotton crop unsold. The latter is being passed from one Negro family to another, the outcry of a race trying to help itself in a time when outside help is scarce and poverty is abroad.

We have been often told that "Pigs is Pigs;" but in the South it must further be said that "Pigs is Wealth." If this fact be kept in mind, the following communication, sent by Booker T. Washington to the Negroes of the South through the columns of about a thousand Southern newspapers, speaks for itself, and also testifies to the courage and resourcefulness of the Negro people:

"Our race is in constant search of means with which to provide better homes, schools, colleges, and churches, and with which to pay debts. This is especially true during the hard financial conditions obtaining on accouut of the European war. All of this cannot be done at once, but great progress can be made by a good strong pull together, in a simple, direct manner. How?

"There are 1,400,000 colored families who live on farms or in villages or small towns. Of this number, at the present time, 700,000 have no pigs. I want to ask that each family raise at least one pig this fall. Where one or more pigs are already owned, I want to ask that each family raise one additional pig this fall.

"As soon as possible, I want to ask that this plan be followed by the organization of a Pig Club in every community where one does not already exist. I want to ask that the matter be taken up at once through families, schools, churches, and societies, farmers' institutes, business leagues, etc.

"The average pig is valued at about $5. If each family adds only one pig, in a few months, at the present prices for hogs, $10 would be added to the wealth of the owner, and $14,000,000 to the wealth of the colored people. If each family adds two pigs, it would have in a few months $20 more wealth, and $28,000,000 would be added with which to promote the welfare of the race during the money stringency created by the European war.

"Let us not put it off, but organize Pig Clubs everywhere. Give each boy and girl an opportunity to own and grow at least one pig."

EXTRACTS FROM A CONVERSATION

Casual smoking-car conversations are not generally credited with being of an edifying nature. There are occasions, however, when they throw not uninteresting sidelights upon both political and social conditions.

On a Boston train a gray-haired man with close-cropped mustache and shrewd eyes turned to his seat-mate with the query: "See those fellows over there playing cards? I know them. They make this trip pretty regular, but the 'business' they do is mostly on the train. When I first went on the road, I got in with a bunch like that, and had to borrow my car-fare home. They would not find me quite so easy now." Here he smiled in satisfaction. "But I have about quit playing cards, at least that way. I have learned to look at the game from the other fellow's pocketbook.

"I have seen a lot of changes while I have been on the road," he went on. "Twenty-five years ago I never sold a bill without giving my customer a drink. Now I don't even have to offer him a cigar. I handle a high-class line, make the best proposition I can to my trade, and depend on facts and not fuddle

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for my sales. Selling goods is a different game now than then, and it is a better game too.

"It is getting now so a fellow cannot keep a job if he drinks. These new liability laws have made the manufacturers leery of the man with liquor on his breath. High-speed machinery means high-speed thinking, and high-speed thinking and high-speed drinking don't travel on the same trail. Not for long they don't.

"If I had a boy to bring up" (here he glanced across the aisle at the young fellow who was paying up his card debts to his easy-mannered opponent, whom "luck" had apparently favored), "I'd send him to a school that was strong for athletics. Somehow that looks to me to be the best cure there is for crooking elbows."

As the train stopped at his station he added: "Some day we are all going to learn that soft stuff is good enough for any man."

THE CONSERVATION OF THE HOME

In January, 1909, President Roosevelt called a Conference on the Care of Dependent Children, which was attended by the most prominent social workers of the country. The keynote of that Conference was the self-evident proposition that "home life is the highest and finest product of civilization."

The first result of this Conference was the establishment of the Children's Bureau in Washington; the second, the Nation-wide inquiry into the problem of mothers' pensions. Within four years twenty-one States have enacted laws granting State aid to dependent mothers with dependent children. In 1914 bills calling for similar legislation were unsuccessfully agitated in twelve other States, and three more—New York, Wisconsin, and California—had commissions to investigate the whole subject.

In New York the argument waxed high. Surprising as it may seem, the private charities—or some of them—were the strongest opponents of the bill proposed by the commission. This measure called for the creation in every county of the State of an unpaid Board of Child Welfare, composed of the local charitable and educational authorities plus private citizens, and aimed to co-ordinate all the work done for dependent children as well as to carry out the principles of public assistance to the indigent widowed mother.

After agreeing that children should never be separated from their parents for poverty alone, the White House Conference resolved that "aid should be given by such methods and from such sources as may be determined by the general relief policy of each community; *preferably* in the form of private charity than of public relief." The whole argument, if argument there remain, now rests on that one word "preferably."

For two things have clearly been proved by the investigation in New York. First, that private charitable societies nowhere have money enough to meet the need of the widowed mothers in the community. And, secondly, that under our new conceptions of social service our public officials can be as efficient, trustworthy, and sympathetic as those of private agencies. More and more this is being proved by the fact that they are one and the same individual. In the past our "social workers" were agents of private philanthropists; to-day they are our Commissioners of Charities and Correction; our probation officers; our teachers; our municipal, State, and Federal officers.

The world "do move," and New York should lead, not follow. She has at present in her institutions over three thousand children who have been separated from their widowed mothers for economic reasons alone. Many thousands of her homes are being neglected while the poor widow goes out to earn the bread and keep for the little children who so need her mother-care. To be the breadwinner and the home-maker of the family is more than the average woman can bear. The home crumbles, the physical and moral well-being of the mother and the children is impaired and often seriously menaced.

"Widows' pensions" are part of the whole great movement for social insurance and social conservation. The State must protect the home life of its minor wards, and must pay the worthy widow an allowance that will permit her to render that home care that is essential to the development of good citizenship. "Widows' pensions" is a misnomer; home scholarships for fatherless children would be better.

Such protection is due all children. Moreover, in the twenty-one States now providing it such protection has proved economical and socially profitable. The form of law varies in each State—the administration has met highest praise everywhere—and most surprising of all is the growing conviction that aid from the State is much more democratic

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and less degrading than that from private philanthropy.

"Home insurance" should be written on the statute-books of every commonwealth of the Union.

WHY NOT TRY CHRISTIANITY?

Many people are in despair over the future of the world; after thousands of years of strife and struggle, of heroic effort and sacrifice, of patient search for knowledge, of passionate endeavor to make life wholesome and safe, half Europe, they say, is laying waste the fertility developed by incalculable toil, destroying that which centuries have built up or accumulated; men, women, and children are dying as mere incidents in fratricidal struggle: thus a sham is made of what we have called civilization, and religion is used as a mere adjunct of war. Half Europe is pulling down with fierce energy and marvelous skill what it has built up with infinite toil and pain.

Half Europe is now blighting the future, robbing it of the art and beauty which each generation holds in trust for succeeding generations, loading it with a debt so colossal that it staggers the imagination, robbing the coming years of the men who would till the fields, develop resources, create wealth, fill the universities with eager students, enrich the world with the beauty of art, direct affairs of state, and become the teachers, leaders, and prophets of the new age. The flower of young manhood is dying on the battlefields, and the strength and genius of the future are dying with them, and all this in the twentieth century! In this struggle some nations are fighting for rights as dear to religion as to patriotism, but the failure of the nations to practice Christianity in international relations has involved them all in a common tragedy.

Society has followed many guides—military genius, commercial development, scholarship, various forms of government, numerous creeds; and Europe is a shambles! One thing the nations have never tried, one guide they have never followed.

There have been in every race men and women who have faithfully followed the Christ; like him they have borne the sorrows of the world on their hearts and carried its sin as a cross on their spirits; like him they have known the agony of Gethsemane; and like him, for their fellows and for their faith, they have patiently died. These have sweetened the world. But they have not shaped its policies nor made the Christ spirit supreme.

The Church has regarded Christianity as a purely personal experience; hardly a law for society; not at all a law for international relations. Even the Golden Rule has been regarded as a counsel of perfection for international life. There has practically been no attempt to apply to that life the law of service and sacrifice.

Some countries are more Christian than others, but no country has consistently applied Christian precepts in its relations with other countries. Wherever Christianity has been tried it has vindicated its claims not only as the highest law of life but as a working principle. This country tried it in dealing with China and with Cuba, and confidence and friendship have followed. The National Government dealt with Japan for six decades in a spirit of helpfulness, kindness, and courtesy, and won the warm regard and gratitude of the Japanese. We have tried to govern the Philippines in the same spirit, and unless the endeavor to help them to help themselves is checked by a change of policy the results will be the same in the islands. This may be said also of England in Egypt and latterly in India. But this policy has been a late and an exceptional development.

Everywhere in the world there are men and women who carry the Christ spirit into their personal dealings, but the nations in their dealings with each other are still largely pagan.

Those whose faith in God is shaken by the awful spectacle of carnage and cruelty are blind to the most obvious fact in the tragedy: that it is the penalty of broken law, the inevitable reaping of the long sowing of greed, suspicion, hatred; it is the harvesting of the forces of evil, against which, in a world in which men are men because they are not automatons but free to choose good or evil, the prophets have thundered in every age. There is no mystery in this colossal tragedy; it is the logical and inevitable result of broken law in a divinely ordered world; it is an awful vindication of a God who has said in countless ways, "The wages of sin is death." Society is not the victim of a blind fate; it is paying the price of its infidelity to the law of righteousness, which is the will of God, and of its rejection of love, which the Christ declared is the only rule of life. The nations have chosen greed, suspicion, and hatred instead of brotherly respect for one another's rights and interests, unscrupulous competition

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instead of the co-operation which would give universal prosperity, the policy of hindering each other's growth instead of the open-hearted helpfulness which would turn the dream of world peace into a blessed reality. General Bernhardi, who has put the spirit of this non-Christian society with cynical frankness, says: "Christian morality is based on the law of love. This law can claim no significance for the relation of one country to another, since its application would lead to a conflict of duties."

Bernhardism has been tried, and Europe is a charnel-house and suspicion poisons the air of the world. Everything has been tried except Christianity, and everything has failed.

Why not try Christianity?

THE VICTORIOUS SPIRIT

The most inspiring moments in the life of the world are not those that give us the sense of commanding tremendous natural forces and making them serve our ease and comfort; the greatest moments are those in which we match our souls against the most appalling forces of destruction and rise superior to them. We cannot subdue them to our uses, but we show ourselves invulnerable to their assaults. The vital issue at stake for us is not that we should destroy them, not even that we should understand them; but that we should confront them with unfaltering courage; and, if we fall, that we should die undismayed and unsubdued. The very greatness of life involves tragedy, and that is a small price to pay for a victorious soul.

The thought of millions of men confronting one another in ditches, drenched with rain, benumbed with cold, smitten with disease, helpless night and day under the rain of shells, dying by thousands in hourly hand-to-hand struggles, is almost insupportable; it overshadows the world like an ominous cloud black with death.

But never in all the chronicles of time has the immortal spirit in men more gloriously triumphed over mortal hardship, suffering, and death. From every beleaguered city, from every battlefield, from every army of every nation, there comes the same story of heroic sacrifice for country, of indifference to death. Whatever may be the responsibility and crimes of rulers, the vast armies that obey them, often without understanding, are making a common and a commanding declaration that life is not a matter of ease and comfort, and that death has no terrors for the soul when the things in which and by which it lives are at stake.

On the greatest battlefields in history, East and West, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and on the high seas, the human spirit is winning glorious victories in these days of storm and death, and the immortal is vanquishing the mortal, not here and there in the daring of elect souls, but everywhere in the common experience of millions of men.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS

An explanation of the extraordinary zeal with which numerous eminent German professors have attempted to justify the course of their Government in the great European war is to be found in the peculiar relations that exist between the university and the state in Germany—relations which are radically different from those that prevail in the United States. In the eighteenth century German universities were state institutions, the purpose of which was mainly, if not solely, the training of officials for public service. Gradually, during the nineteenth century, the state control over internal affairs in the universities relaxed, while the field of activity and the intellectual scope of these institutions broadened. The general governmental supervision, however, became more rather than less strict, until at the present time the control which the state exercises over the universities may fairly be called rigid. Professors in German universities are, in fact, state officials, appointed, paid, and subject to discipline by the state. The fact that their salaries are supplemented by fees from those who attend certain lectures does not alter this well-recognized relation.

In the Kingdom of Prussia a particularly close relationship between the Government and the universities has been established and firmly maintained; the sovereign himself appoints the full professors, the Minister of Education the assistant or, as the Germans prefer to call them, the extraordinary professors. The faculties may suggest the names of candidates, but the appointing power is at liberty to accept or reject these suggestions. Recent efforts to establish in Hamburg and in Frankfort universities that should be free from the control of the state

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have been summarily suppressed; the Prussian Government has no intention of loosening its grip upon these useful institutions.

It follows from these conditions that a professor in a German university, being virtually a state official, occupies an enviable position of high dignity and of exceptional importance in the community. If the town in which the university is situated is comparatively small, as with Göttingen, Bonn, Heidelberg, or Würzburg, the position of a professor is all the more exalted. In all probability nobody, however rich he may be, can outrank him; and what this means to a people who value rank and titles as do the Germans need not be dwelt upon. University professors in Germany, in truth, form one of the leading classes in the intellectual aristocracy of the Empire. With the clergy, the judges, and other civil officials, the physicians and technologists, all, or practically all, university-bred, they constitute a kind of official nobility. Only one thing—a commission in the army or navy—can relieve a man from the necessity of having an academic education if he would be a member of this high order.

These professors wield an enormous influence in shaping the character and in molding the opinions of the German people. By what subtle but effective means the state controls and regulates this influence whenever the occasion seems to require the exercise of such control was set forth by J. H. Morgan, Professor of International Law in the University of London, in a recent issue of the London "Times:"

> In no country is the control of the government over the universities so strong; nowhere is it so vigilant [as in Germany]. Political favor may make or mar an academic career; the complaisant professor is decorated, the contumacious is cashiered. German academic history is full of examples. Treitschke, Sybel, even Mommsen, all felt the weight of royal displeasure at one period or another. The present Emperor vetoed the award of the Verdun prize to Sybel because in his history of Prussian policy he had exalted Bismarck at the expense of the Hohenzollerns, and he threatened to close the archives to Treitschke. Even Mommsen had at one time to learn the steepness of alien stairs. On the other hand, no government recognizes so readily the value of a professor who is docile—he is of more value than many Pomeranian grenadiers. Bismarck invited Treitschke to accompany the army of Sadowa as a writer of military bulletins, and both he and Sybel were, after due caution, commissioned to write those apologetics of Prussian policy which are classics of their kind.

If, however, this evidence is in a measure discredited on account of its source, no such charge of prejudice will lie against Dr. Friedrich Paulsen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin. In his book on "German Universities," in which the large freedom of learning and of teaching is emphasized, Professor Paulsen had this to say of the influences to which professors in German universities are subjected: "Originally confined to political and military circles, the decorations, titles, and patents of nobility began to invade the academic world in the eighteenth century, and have multiplied to such an alarming extent during the nineteenth that they are almost in danger of losing their distinction." Professor Paulsen thinks that there would have been no loss to the universities if these distinctions had been restricted to their original sphere—the diplomatic, political, and military world. The real object for which not infrequently they are bestowed is revealed in what he says later:

> Or is it, perhaps, the purpose of these distinctions to encourage professors to achieve political merit also? In that case the question would arise whether such a thing was compatible with their real vocation. In my judgment this question cannot be answered in the affirmative. If the problem is to acquire the freest and most impartial knowledge of the truth, and to lead others in the same direction, then, it seems to me, there can be no doubt that participation in politics and deferent regard for the views which the political powers happen to consider allowable or necessary will not enhance but will rather diminish the professor's capacity to realize this end. Even though the services of scholars who possess the public esteem may occasionally be desired by the political powers, it will be better for the academic world and the ideal peculiar to it if they be not rendered.

Professor Paulsen does not seem to have much faith that the practice of bestowing these distinctions upon university professors will be stopped, for he closes the discussion of the subject with the somewhat cynical observation: "Governments will not be wanting in future which are ready to offer such rewards for services performed, nor will there be a dearth of hands stretched out to receive them."

In the light of the foregoing is it to be wondered at that the professors in German universities are firm in the conviction that right as well as might is on the side of the Kaiser?

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STUDENT MILITARY CAMPS

In an editorial on "Democracy and Military Preparation," in last week's issue of The Outlook, reference was made to the Students' Military Instruction Camps and to their value, not only as training schools for officers of a yet-to-be-created National reserve, but as factors of increasing importance in the educational system of the United States.

Discipline of thought and action can hardly be considered as one of the most protrusively evident attributes of the average American citizen. In a country such as ours, which confesses a murder rate ten times as great as that of our sister republic Switzerland, in a country of whose typical citizen Kipling could write that in his blood there existed a spirit

"That bids him flout the law he makes,
That bids him make the law he flouts,
Till dazed by many doubts he wakes
The drumming guns that have no doubts,"

the training of a large group of picked young men in the essential virtues of obedience, self-restraint, cleanliness, and courage is capable of wide application to the social and civic problems that confront us on every side.

Something of the work, life, and training of the young men who next summer will be assembled at the four camps near Chickamauga Park in Georgia, Plattsburgh Barracks in New York, Ludington in Michigan, and the Presidio at San Francisco in California, may be judged from the following outline of what the Government gives and expects from these student volunteers.

Primarily the objects of these camps is to give the young men of the country opportunity for a short course in military training. The ultimate object sought is not the aggrandizement of the military branch of our Government, but to make provision in some degree to meet a vital need that confronts us as a peaceful people, to the end that peace and prosperity may be preserved for our Nation. As a military asset these camps have proved of unexpected value. The work that the young students have already accomplished has more than convinced our army officers who have come in contact with it that these camps should be placed upon a permanent basis.

One of the interesting features of these instruction camps consists in the fact that, since our Government has failed to provide funds for their maintenance, the students are not only giving their time, but pay the cost of their subsistence and traveling expenses and the cost of their own uniforms. Certainly this speaks well for the sincerity and spirit of the student soldiers. The military equipment necessary, including a complete infantry outfit, together with tents, blankets, cooking apparatus, and individual mess kits, the Government supplies for use during the five weeks of instruction.

Under competent officers the students are given intensive training in the theoretical principles of tactics and opportunity to carry out these principles in a practical way in conjunction with regular troops. Military map making and road sketching, the proper handling and use of a rifle, physical exercise, drill in marching, tent pitching, loading and unloading wagons, field cooking, camp sanitation, first aid to the injured, personal hygiene, and the care of troops in the field are all taught in a practical way. In addition to this, under the guidance of specially selected officers, instruction is given in the use and duties of the different arms and branches of the service, in the handling of field lines of communication—the radio-telegraph, signal flags, heliographs and other apparatus used by the Signal Corps—in the organization of the military forces of the United States, and in the military history of our country—not the illuminated school-book version of our victories merely, but the true versions as taken from official record of our failures and defeats as well as our successes and victories.

The schedule of instruction also includes a practice march of several days' duration, in which as nearly as possible campaign conditions of march, bivouac, and combat are followed. The student who successfully completes such a course of instruction has not only added to his value as an element in our National defense, but he has done much towards the development of his personal character. Testimony to this effect has been received from almost as many sources as there have been students enrolled in these camps. Fathers have written to the Secretary of War and to the officers responsible for the control of these instruction camps thanking them in unmeasured terms for the benefits that have come to sons. The son of one rich man who entered a camp after completing his college course wrote to his captain that without the discipline and training he had received in camp he would have found the problems that confronted him upon entering

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a business career almost unsurmountable. The five brief weeks of military discipline did much to counteract the lax mental standards of his previous life.

To army officers in charge of this camp work one of the most outstanding features is in the fact that the subjects that have proved most absorbing to the student volunteers are those of camp sanitation. Sanitation to an American army officer, since our experience in Cuba, in Panama, and the Philippines, is almost as much a matter of second nature as breathing. To the young volunteers this instinctive insistence upon a state of cleanliness that has so far proved beyond the reach of any of our civil communities is indeed an eye-opening experience which will doubtless in time have an appreciable effect upon the standards of our cities and towns. Another incident in the sanitary experience which awaits the prospective student is the opportunity given by the Government for receiving the anti-typhoid inoculation that has proved so successful in freeing our regular army from the menace of what has sometimes been called the American disease.

For the average citizen perhaps the secondary and civil value of these military camps may seem of most vital importance. It is a gain, moreover, which the officers of our army would be the last to dispute or belittle; for the record of our soldiers and sailors in the support of our Constitutional liberties and Governmental ideals is one which has been surpassed in consistency and devotion by no other branch of our Government. Those of our citizens who realize, however, that the United States is a Nation which, despite its boasted predilection for peace, has, from the time of the Declaration of Independence to the writing of General Upton's authoritative history of our military policy, spent one year out of every four in the turmoil of a domestic or foreign war, may find comfort and relief in this brief account of the work that has been initiated as a measure of National protection in these student volunteer camps.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

THE following list of books pertaining to the war—or to the peoples involved in the war, and the historical forces that have been factors in it—is not even an approximately complete list. For example, it does not include such books as R. H. Davis's and Alexander Powell's reports of their observations in Belgium, entitled, respectively, "With the Allies" and "Fighting in Flanders." The books included are almost wholly ones that deal with the war's great national and international aspects—either in giving historical information or collating and interpreting the facts.

Of these books we should especially recommend von Mach's as giving a German view that would especially appeal to Americans; the pamphlet "Truth about Germany" for a less convincing but more official German view; Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War" as an exposition of the doctrine of extreme militarists; Usher's "Pan-Germanism" as an analysis and interpretation of that doctrine; Hart's and Gibbons's books as historical surveys (the latter being the more extensive); the opening article in the "Round Table" as a compact review of the more recent historical events; Fullerton's book as a scholarly treatise on the clashing forces of European international politics; the pamphlet on "The Case of Belgium" for a presentation of the one cause that has aroused almost universal sympathy; Simonds's book for a rehearsal of the strategic movements of the armies; and Royce's little volume for a philosophical interpretation and a practical suggestion.

Those who wish to have the authoritative documents at hand which pertain to the diplomatic negotiations that immediately preceded hostilities may get them as printed by the New York "Times" or by the American Association for International Conciliation. Some of these documents are quoted in part in several of the books on the war which are included in our list.

A fuller bibliography than that presented in the following list has been prepared for the W. Y. Foote Company, booksellers, University Block, Syracuse, New York, and issued under the general title: "Books on the European War: An annotated and classified

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list of recent books worth reading on the War itself, the countries involved, international politics, peace, the art of war, war fiction, etc."

One noteworthy fact stands out—the dearth of books on the French view of the war.

Germany's Fighting Machine. By Ernest F. Henderson. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $1.25.

A well-illustrated, popular, encyclopædic account of Germany's army and navy.

The German Army from Within. By a British Officer who Has Served in It. George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.

A highly entertaining, gossipy account of the experiences of an Englishman as a cadet in a German military school and as an officer in the German army, with emphasis on the lax methods of seeking pleasure in a garrison, and with acute comment on German army methods and leaders, written since the beginning of the war and illuminating some of the war's course.

The Russian Army from Within. By W. Barnes Steveni. George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.

A discriminating and interesting account of the Russian military organization, its equipment, the various racial types of soldiers that comprise it, the lessons it has learned from the Japanese war, and its character as determined by Russian traits, written since the beginning of the war by a special correspondent for twenty-seven years resident in Russia.

Problems of Power. By William Morton Fullerton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.25.

One of the most important treatises on international affairs of recent years, indispensable to any one who wishes to be well acquainted with the literature of the present crisis, presenting an interpretation of European forces that has been justified by events, written by an American, formerly correspondent of the London "Times" at Paris; reviewed at length by Mr. Roosevelt in The Outlook for May 31, 1913.

Germany and the Next War. By General Friedrich von Bernhardi. Translated by Allen H. Powles. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.

Worthy to be ranked as a Bible of the militaristic religion, inspired by a profound faith in the sacredness of war, imbued with a self-sacrificing devotion to the glory and dominion of the Prussian ideal, written with prophetic power and simplicity, showing the way of the War Lord, and making clear the purposes of those whom the German nation in arms has been persuaded to follow along the Vistula and the Marne.

Men Around the Kaiser; The Makers of Modern Germany. By Frederic William Wile. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $1.25.

Brief biographical and interpretative sketches of some of the men who, with the Kaiser at the head, have made Germany efficient in peace and now in war.

How Germany Makes War. By General Friedrich von Bernhardi. George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.25.

A condensed version of Bernhardi's treatise on "War of To-Day," dealing with military tactics, strategy, and policy, and applying to the subject the inexorable standards of this distinguished Prussian cavalry officer and leader of German military opinion.

Cavalry: A Popular Edition of "Cavalry in War and Peace." By General Friedrich von Bernhardi, with a Preface by Field Marshal Sir J. D. P. French. Translated by Major G. T. N. Bridges, and Edited by A. Hilliard Atteridge. George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.

A treatise on the armament and tactics of cavalry by the author of "Germany and the Next War," one of the most distinguished of cavalry officers; indorsed in a preface by the Field Commander of the British forces now engaged in fighting the forces of the author's country, himself a great cavalry leader.

The Anglo-German Problem. By Charles Sarolea. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. $1.

First published in 1912, but even more timely to-day; written by a Belgian, who accounts himself "a true friend and admirer of the German people," who has "drunk at the fountain of German philosophy and theology," and who incisively explains the common distrust of Germany, and interprets the Anglo-German problem as a conflict between democracy and despotism—a most readable and illuminating book.

Pan-Germanism. By Roland G. Usher. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.75.

A keen analysis of the movement to make Germany the dominant power in the world, a clarifying review of the events in history which have tended to make that movement practical, and a searching criticism of the vital defects of that movement; written shortly before the war by the Associate Professor of History at Washington University, St. Louis; combining penetration in speculation and forcefulness in expression with scholarship.

Germany and England. By J. A. Cramb. Introduction by Joseph H. Choate. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

A brief series of chapters setting forth in contrast German imperialistic ambitions and the spirit of English imperialism, by the late Professor of Modern History at Queen's College, London.

What Germany Wants. By Edmund von Mach. Little, Brown & Co, Boston. $1.

Of all the arguments offered on behalf of Germany in this war, by all odds the most balanced, reasonable, and persuasive, devoid of mordant insinuation, presenting argument in the form of explanation, at the same time repudiating the militaristic doctrine of Bernhardi, and controverting the equally militaristic arguments of the Anglo-American militarist Homer Lea and the French Arthur Boucher; written by an American of Prussian origin, a graduate of Harvard,

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in a clear and interesting style—the ablest statement of Germany's case we have seen.

The Round Table, September, 1914. Special War Number. Macmillan Co., New York. 80c.

A group of articles largely dealing with the war, the first of which, though written probably by an Englishman, is of extraordinary balance and fairness, and presents with remarkable fullness and clarity in very brief space the issues of the war.

The War and America. By Hugo Münsterberg. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

An eager and disputatious defense of Germany, of war as a means of securing coveted land, of the supremacy of the state over the individual, and of the theory that there is no such thing as international morals but only international etiquette, written by a Harvard professor whose eminence as a spokesman for Germany has for several years been recognized in this country.

The Case of Belgium in the Present War. Published for the Belgian Delegates to the United States. Macmillan Co., New York. 25c.

A brief on behalf of Belgium, rehearsing briefly facts with regard to the violation of Belgian neutrality, and presenting testimony secured by a commission of inquiry concerning violations of the law of nations and the laws and customs of war in Belgium by the invaders—an official statement of weight and permanent value.

Why Britain Is at War: The Causes and the Issues Set Out, in Brief Form, from the Diplomatic Correspondence and Speeches of the Ministers. By Sir Edward Cook. Macmillan Co., New York. 10c.

Great Britain and the War. By A. Maurice Low, Washington Correspondent of the London "Morning Post." Columbian Printing Company, Washington, D. C. 25c.

Two pamphlets reviewing the events and diplomatic movements which led to the war, each written from the British point of view.

Liberty! A Statement of the British Case. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Co., New York. 25c.

A brief and compact statement of the case of Great Britain by one of England's most distinguished novelists, who believes that this is a war against war and that the Allies are fighting for what America stands for.

Great Britain and the Next War. By A. Conan Doyle. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 25c.

Written before the war by one of the most popular of English novelists, a member of the Anglo-German Society, in order to discuss seriously the doctrines of General von Bernhardi and their significance as indicating danger to Great Britain and to European peace and the necessity for England's taking warning—another book justified by events.

The Great War. By Frank H. Simonds. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $1.25.

Consisting of the remarkable editorials on the strategy of the war which have been appearing in the New York "Evening Sun," and which, here revised and adapted for book form, comprise an illuminating narrative of the movement of the troops on the two great fields of the war in Europe from the beginning up to the siege of Antwerp.

Treitschke: His Doctrine of German Destiny and of International Relations, Together with a Study of His Life and Work. By Adolf Hausrath, and with a Foreword by George Haven Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Selections from the characteristic writings of the deaf Professor of History who is accounted the chief prophet and teacher of German militarism, preceded by an extended interpretation of him and his influence by one of his intimate friends—a book of value to those who want to know about one of the chief sources of the war.

Treitschke. Selections from Lectures on Politics. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. 75c.

Translations of selections from Treitschke's lectures on politics, and setting forth in concrete terms much of that militaristic philosophy that has made him a prophet of German militarism.

Oxford Pamphlets. Oxford University Press, New York.

The Germans, Their Empire: How They Have Made It. By C. R. L. Fletcher. 5c.

The Germans, What They Covet. A sequel to the above. By C. R. L. Fletcher. 5c.

Just for a Scrap of Paper. By A. Hassell. 3c.

Bacilli and Bullets. By Sir William Osler. 3c.

Russia: The Psychology of a Nation. By Paul Vinogradoff. 3c.

India and the War. By Sir Ernest Trevelyan. 3c.

The War and the British Dominion. By H. E. Egerton. 5c.

French Policy Since 1871. By F. Morgan and H. W. C. Davis. 5c.

Serbia and the Serbs. By Sir Valentine Chirol. 5c.

Reply to the German Address to Evangelical Christians. 5c.

Nietzsche and Treitschke. By Ernest Barker. 5c.

A set of brief discussions of various aspects of the war, Professor Fletcher's two pamphlets being particularly racy, outspoken about England's deficiencies, warm in praise of France, and skillful in bringing a large subject within a limited field of vision.

Great Britain and the European Crisis: Correspondence and Statements in Parliament, Together with an Introductory Narrative of Events. (The "Blue Book.") T. Fisher Unwin, London.

Why England, Germany, Russia, and Belgium Went to War. Published by the New York Times Company. 10c.

International Conciliation: Official Documents Bearing upon the War. October, 1914, No. 83. American Association for International Conciliation, New York.

International Conciliation: Additional Official Documents Bearing upon the European War. November, 1914, No. 84. American Association for International Conciliation, New York.

Various forms in which official documents recording the diplomatic negotiations leading to the war have been published—the first being

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the official publication of what is known as the British "White Papers," together with statements in Parliament and an introductory narrative; the second being the official papers of England, Germany, Russia, and Belgium, and the President's appeal for neutrality, but not the Imperial Chancellor's speech of August 4; the third and fourth being the publication of the official diplomatic correspondence of Great Britain, Germany, and Russia, the two important speeches of the German Chancellor and the British Prime Minister, but not the important letter of Sir Edward Goschen of August 8 or the "Gray Paper" of Belgium.

Truth About Germany: Facts About the War. Trow Press, New York.

A semi-official statement prepared by a committee of eminent German men and women, including many in official relation to the Government, stating arguments on behalf of Germany and making attacks upon her enemies.

The Real Truth about Germany: From the English Point of View. By Douglas Sladen. With an Appendix, Great Britain and the War, by A. Maurice Low. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.

An annotated edition of the foregoing pamphlet, with the annotations written from a distinctly anti-German point of view and in much the same spirit of animosity as is exhibited in the pamphlet that is scrutinized; with an appendix containing Mr. A. Maurice Low's statement referred to elsewhere.

Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom, and People. By John de Courcy MacDonnell. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

A very friendly account of Belgium, so appreciative as even to keep the light well away from the dark places in the character and career of Leopold II, but a useful book nevertheless.

The German Empire's Hour of Destiny. By Colonel H. Frobenius, with a Preface by Sir Valentine Chirol. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $1.

A product of the aggressive militaristic school of German writers, prepared before the war, and interesting now largely because it helps to show how some of the guesses of those militarists went wrong, and how unfounded some of their darkest suspicions proved to be.

A Scrap of Paper: The Inner History of German Diplomacy and Her Scheme of World-Wide Conquest. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. Hodder & Stoughton, New York.

A vigorous and pugnacious discussion of Prussian international morals by a vigorous and pugnacious writer whose feelings are the natural result of having seen his warnings disregarded and now largely justified.

War and Insurance. By Josiah Royce. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.

A noteworthy and significant contribution to the discussion of the moral aspects of the war and to the proposals for the establishment of a surer basis of peace, based upon a profound religious philosophy, and culminating in the suggestion of a great international insurance fund; written by one of the leading philosophical thinkers of the time, the Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity at Harvard University.

The German Enigma: Being an Inquiry among Germans as to What They Think, What They Want, What They Can Do. By Georges Bourdon. Translated by Beatrice Marshall, with Introduction by Charles Sarolea. Dent & Sons, London. $1.25.

A record of a French journalist's interviews with German leaders of thought and action, secured, of course, before the war, but throwing a good deal of light upon what has happened since August 1.

The Evolution of Modern Germany. By William Harbutt Dawson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

An admirable treatise on the economic aspects of Germany's growth, not at all dry, but distinctly human and particularly intelligent in the inclusion of national traits of character as factors in economic progress, and especially valuable at the present time in its discussion of German colonial ambitions and achievements.

Through Europe on the Eve of War. By Frederick Lynch, D.D. Church Peace Union, New York.

The record of the experiences of one of the American leaders in the peace movement in the course of attending a peace conference at the very outbreak of the war, together with his interpretation of the war in the light of the aspirations of the pacifists.

One American's Opinion of the European War. By Frederick W. Whitridge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 50c.

In which an American who thinks of the Fatherland as "of an old friend who had gone out of his mind," and who has some reputation for his epigrammatic bluntness, speaks out plainly what he thinks about Germany's responsibility for the war.

Who is Responsible? Armageddon and After! By Cloudesley Brereton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 50c.

Not an essential, not even an important, contribution to the literature about the war and its outcome—but not without some interesting suggestions concerning the settlement to be aimed at.

Germany and England: The War That Was Foretold. By Robert Blatchford. E. J. Clode, New York. 60c.

A series of articles by an English Socialist leader, first published in 1909, vainly warning his countrymen of impending war that has since come, and vainly bidding them be prepared to defend Belgium and France as well as themselves, supplemented by an article printed last August on the significance of the war—a wholesome book for Americans to read.

The War in Europe; Its Causes and Results. By Albert Bushnell Hart. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

A review of the factors in the great conflict—the historical forces of Europe, the peoples, the

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races, the nations and groups of nations, the psychology of war, the questions of neutrality, the methods of warfare, the effect of the war on the United States, and the outcome; full of historical information, interpreted in a historical spirit by the Professor of the Science of Government at Harvard, and author of the articles on the "Historical Roots of the War," just completed in The Outlook.

Understanding the French. By Rollin Lynde Hartt. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $1.50.

Sprightly comments on French traits, foibles, and virtues, clever, amusing, never appearing serious—included in this list only for lack of other books on France, but having nothing directly to do with the war.

The New Map of Europe: The Story of the Recent European Diplomatic Crises and Wars and of Europe's Present Catastrophe. By Herbert Adams Gibbons, Ph.D. The Century Company, New York. $2.

A view of issues in the world war as seen by an American Professor of History in Robert College, Constantinople—ascribing the war to the intrigues and the conflicting attempts to secure dominion by all of the Powers, but plainly showing the chief part Germany has had in this; a survey of historical events from the acquirement of Alsace-Lorraine, including such apparently widely separated matters as the Moroccan and Slavic questions, and summarizing the diplomatic negotiations of last July. An important book, well worth reading.

The Real Kaiser; An Illuminating Study. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.

A portrait not altogether unfriendly, but candidly drawn, of the German Emperor in his multifarious aspects both admirable and ludicrous, well colored with anecdote, and placed on a background of German opinion and manners, by one who has had the chance to study his subject at close quarters, and who, because of his intimate connection with people in Germany, preserves his anonymity.

The Kaiser. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

Varying estimates of the Kaiser by various anonymous authors, in thirteen chapters, supplemented by one made up of his own words, all printed in a large, handsome volume, illustrated in popular style with half-tone reproductions.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD WAR FROM THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW

[In accordance with The Outlook's practice of publishing opinions contrary to its own, there are here printed two articles concerning the American attitude toward the present war presented from the point of view of Germany and its ally, Austria-Hungary.

The author of the first of these articles, Dr. Franz Erich Junge, is an engineer. He received his degree of Ph.D. from the University of Erlangen, Bavaria, after having completed a course in civil and mechanical engineering in Germany and England, and having studied philosophy and political science at the Universities of Berlin and Heidelberg. He is a regular visitor to the United States, acting as consulting engineer for German and American industrial concerns. His present mission to this country comprises negotiations with the United States Navy Department for the equipment of the new American submarines with German oil engines of a new type. He has published several scientific books and essays on "The Rule of Public Opinion in the United States." He has acted as counselor on American affairs for the German agrarians known in this country as the "Junkers." "It has been my privilege," he writes to The Outlook, "to be closely associated with the late Professor Gustav Ruhland, disciple of Treitschke, an exponent of the 'organic system of political philosophy,' which is the scientific precept of Prussian statecraft. Ruhland established the social and industrial rules of the modern state, while Treitschke defined its political powers. Of the two, Ruhland is really the more important, though not known in this country. I beg to emphasize that I am in no way connected with the Imperial German representation in this country, not even with the German information bureau which is endeavoring to enlighten public opinion about the causes and issues of this war. The facts are that the Imperial Foreign Office offered me the post of commercial attaché in Yokohama three years ago, but I declined because I prefer to remain independent and want to complete my investigations and studies of the United States, which of all countries I con-

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sider the most interesting from the standpoint of political reflection."

The author of the other article, Dr. Ervin Acel, is managing editor of the "Hungarian American Reformed Sentinel" and city editor of the "Hungarian Daily."

A passage from each of these two articles will suffice to indicate to our readers how marked is the difference between their point of view and the point of view of The Outlook. Says Dr. Junge: "Nor is it consistent with the rule of reason, which governs the destinies of the United States, to introduce moral considerations of abstract justice into the settling of international disputes, with which the waging of war has never had anything to do." Says Dr. Acel: "I have kept myself from a discussion of the ethical questions involved in the stand taken by America. Germany did right or did wrong; it does not matter which. But, however that may be, the very interests of the United States require a victorious Germany and a humbled Japan and England. *Therefore the American policy is a mistake, in view of the future, and a blunder in policy is more unpardonable than crime.*" The Outlook believes that it does matter a great deal whether a country does right or does wrong, and that it is in accord with the rule of reason to introduce moral considerations into the settling of international disputes.—THE EDITORS.]

I—AMERICAN CRITICISM OF GERMAN STATECRAFT

BY DR. FRANZ ERICH JUNGE

ONE of the most interesting episodes or object-lessons of the present European conflict for German visitors to the United States is to behold the citizens of this country—men of affairs, most of them, and by nature defenders of human dignity—mounting the pulpit of public opinion and teaching the German people how in the past they have failed to live up to the standard of humanity set by America, and how in the future they must conduct their business in order to deserve creditable mention in the land of the free. There can be no doubt that it is profitable, or at least instructive, to talk freely about the range of democracy in theory; and no harm is done if the aspects of constitutions and the prospects of arbitration are fully discussed in academic debates. But it is a reflection upon the intelligence of trained observers, native as well as foreign, to speak seriously of the effectiveness of popular government in practice. Nor is it consistent with the rule of reason, which governs the destinies of the United States, to introduce moral considerations of abstract justice into the settling of international disputes, with which the waging of war has never had anything to do.

From numerous utterances, editorial and other, which the writer has collected during ten years of comparative research, it is evident that the thoughtful men in America are just as displeased with the working of their political system as the thoughtful men in Germany are discontented with the working of their political plans. Nowhere in the world do we find a universal indorsement by the people of the established order or régime, and nowhere do we find evidences of real democracy. Whether society rules the State, as in England, or whether a strong executive exercises the functions of service and restraint, as in Germany, or whether Senate and judiciary, intrenched behind the Constitution, are the dominant power, as in the United States—in every case does the more intelligent minority overrule the less intelligent majority. Whether the "vested rights and interests" are aristocratic or plutocratic, whether politics is made by hand or by machinery, whether business is enthroned over government or government over business—it is always a select portion of the people who decide the great issues of national policy.

We all know the fallacy of government by numbers, and refuse to adopt it in factory and business. But while the Germans admit the providence of enlightened leadership, even in the administration of the commonwealth where it is most needed, the Americans deny the proof of eminent control, because it is wiser, or more diplomatic, to maintain the illusion of "the powers of the people." I do not know whether our frankness is stupid or your disavowal hypocritical. But I do know why your sense of liberty does not appeal to our sense of freedom.

Evidently there is a deep-seated difference in our respective ideals, which are but the natural efflux of the different circumstances

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under which we live. The one is the more national, the other more cosmopolitan; the one culminates in self-control, the other in character; the one extols ingenuity, the other valor. The test of manhood of the German is to die for an idea, of the American to live for it. It is not a case of petty variation. It is the irreconcilable antagonism of the two conceptions of life—the negative and the positive—which have ever fought and are still fighting for the mastery in the world's civilization, assuming different aspects under different circumstances. Hence what is desirable in America is not of necessity desirable in Germany, and *vice versa*.

But our immediate aspirations and real aims are the same. We all want power commensurate with our capacity; we all have the "instinct of empire" or world predominance. Only our means are distinct and our methods vary; in the one case it is subtlety, in the other force, which is instrumental. For you *possess* a great empire and have only to preserve it, while we must first *establish* our unassailability, independence, and security of national supply. In any case, it is painful, after having watched with amazement the encroaching of organized wealth on individual liberty, of property rights upon human rights, of imperialism upon cosmopolitanism in America—it is painful, I say, after the United States has committed itself to the same policy of veiled materialism of which the nations of Europe have been guilty, to see dignified scholars in America, men of character and ability, proclaiming the superiority of patent principles, the ineffectiveness of which on previous occasions they had condemned.

We are not blind to our faults, nor do we in justice overlook the good points of other races. No people is perfect, none without virtue. We claim superiority in the mastery of matter and confess inferiority in the companionship of men. We are efficient in organized endeavor and lacking in personality and individual initiative. Our philosophy of vision, so burdensome at times, needs blending with your philosophy of common sense. Our love of honor, so valuable as a national asset, is plainly defective as a social attribute. It breeds arrogance and overbearing on the part of the leaders, indolence and servility on the part of the masses, with reliance upon the State as a characteristic common to all. Our greatest virtues, faithfulness and vigor, which make the structure of the Empire so formidable to its neighbor, are our greatest faults in foreign relationships.

We lack the delicacy of taste of the French, and our methodicalness does ill compare with their geniality. Yet our thoroughness wins, and our robustness, however graceless, proves our salvation. We have yet to learn from the Anglo-Saxon balance of deportment, guarded expression, diplomatic tact, and that gentle, delicate, yet deliberate management of men and affairs which has been so potent in building up the British Empire—not only the empire of business, but also the empire of public opinion, which in these times proves so powerful. What the Germans have failed to bring about in half a century of governmental effort in Alsace-Lorraine—conciliation and amalgamation—the British have accomplished in a few years of tolerant rule in the Boer republics. No better proof of our inferiority in the art of conquest! There is certainly much good food for reflection in English methods and English manners, even in their self-assertiveness, so contagious in its forms and so amusing in its manifestations.

But what I dispute most emphatically is that British diplomacy with its exaltation of craftiness is a more crucial test of civilization than German vigor with its exaltation of heroism. Intrigue and falsehood may balance roughness, and mental ability may outweigh physical force. But against all the horrors which war entails stand the noble virtues which it develops: courage and renunciation, faithfulness to duty, readiness for sacrifice. Never in times of peace does suffering appeal so strongly to our sense of compassion; never is the altruistic ideal impressed more forcibly upon our minds.

Civilization has always proceeded by refluent movements, and the striving for peace is not exempt from conflict. Indeed, implicit war is perennial; antagonism lurks behind the most smiling surface and the most honest interchanges of national sympathies. Beyond the law of the survival of the fittest there is no guaranty, exemption, or appeal. However regrettable that the weak must perish, the strong men of each country know it and respect each other. "Nations do not flourish, grow, and expand by the power of moral principle," says Admiral Mahan, "but by the pressure of want, by hunger, and the need of more than they at

(Continued on page following illustrations)

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

FIELD MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG (GERMAN)

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THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS (RUSSIAN)

LEADERS OF THE OPPOSING ARMIES IN EAST PRUSSIA

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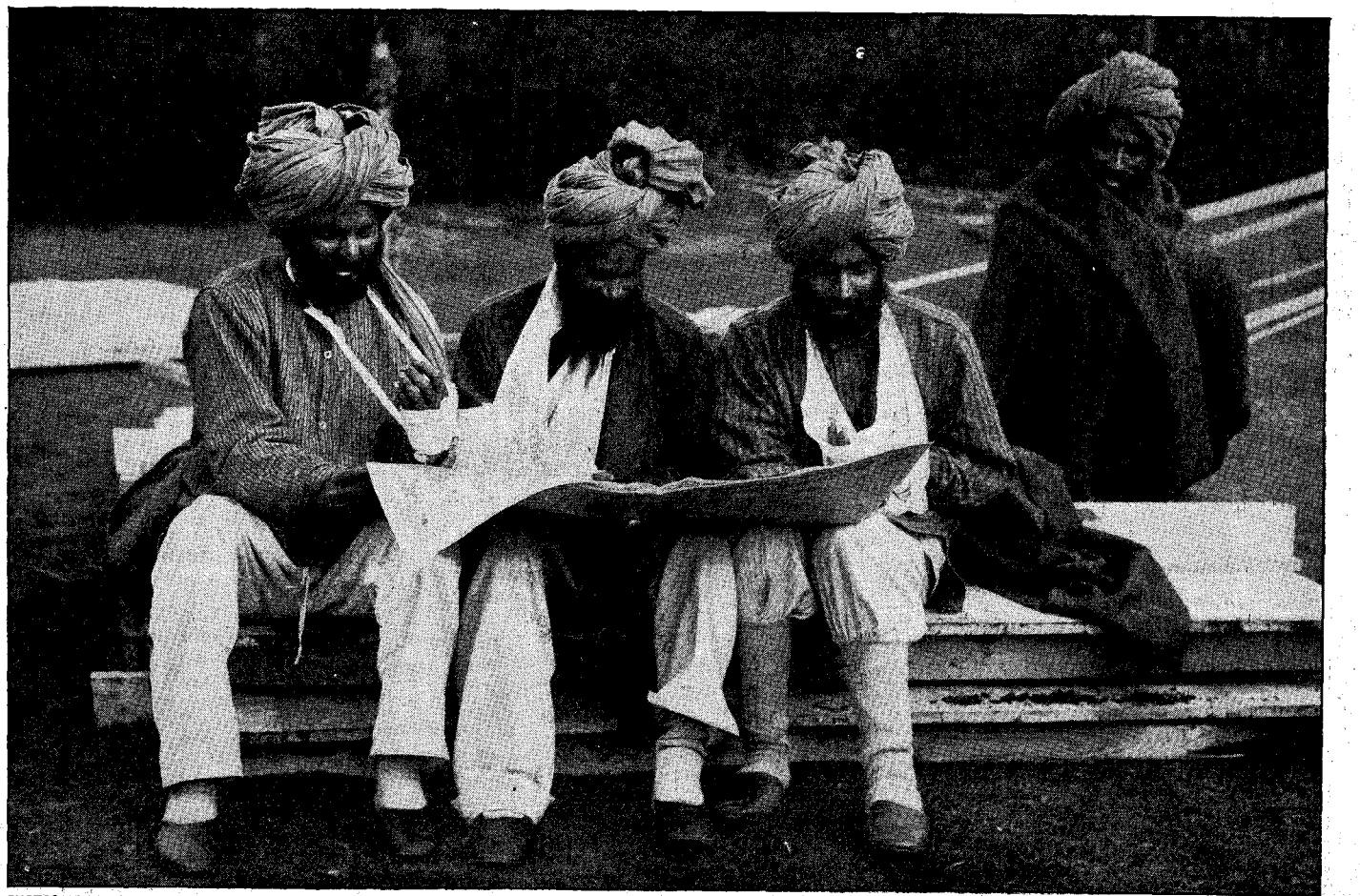

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL NEWS

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Many East Indian soldiers who have been wounded in the battles in France have been sent to a specially erected hospital in New Forest, England. In the picture a trio of these men are seen endeavoring to glean some news from an English newspaper

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THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA NICOLAIEVNA

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THE CZARINA

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THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA NICOLAIEVNA

THE CZARINA AND HER DAUGHTERS IN MILITARY DRESS

The members of the family of the Czar are honorary officers in the Russian army

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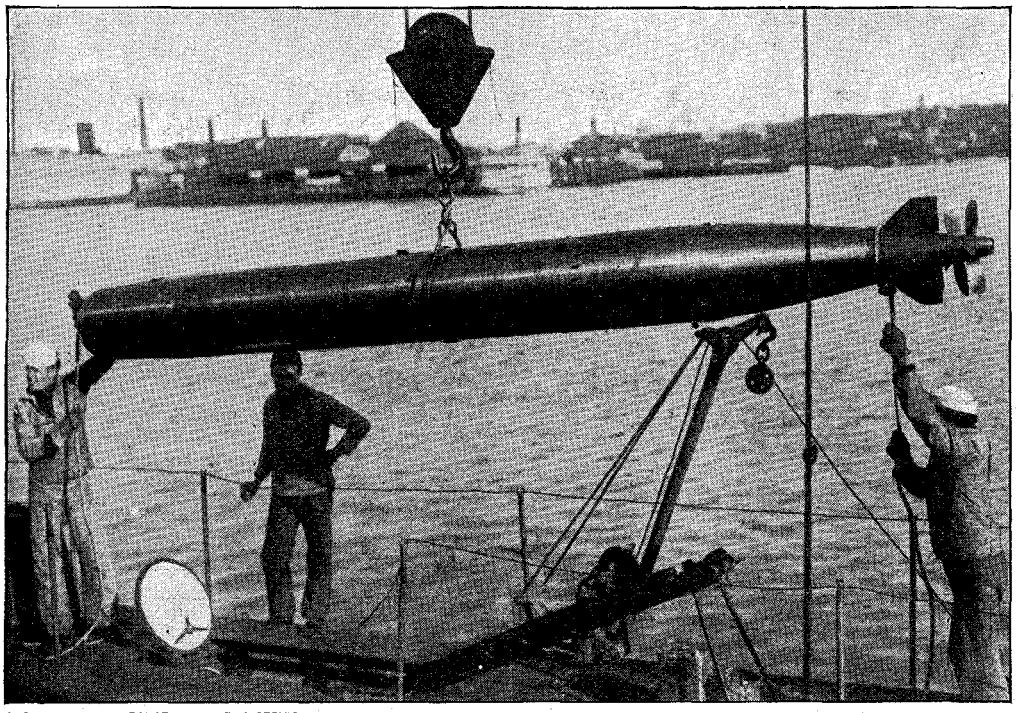

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THE DEADLY TORPEDO AS IT APPEARS ABOVE WATER

The torpedo shown in the picture is for use in the United States navy; it is being transferred to a submarine. The torpedoes which have been used so effectively by the German submarines are somewhat similar in appearance; they travel through the water at a speed of about forty miles an hour and are exploded by concussion when they strike their mark, usually inflicting a fatal blow

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A FLOATING MINE WASHED ASHORE ON THE BRITISH COAST

The floating mine is perhaps more dangerous than the torpedo, for it spares neither friend nor foe, and destroys the peaceful merchantman as well as the mighty dreadnought. The one shown in the picture was washed ashore at Sizewell, Suffolk, England; the high explosives it contained have just been removed by a torpedo expert

THE TERRORS OF THE SEA

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PREPARING FOR A WINTER CAMPAIGN

Types of knitted helmets that have been supplied to German regiments fighting on the Russian frontier

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MAKING SCHOOL-HOUSES OUT OF RAILWAY CARS

Many of Germany's school-houses have been turned into hospitals for the wounded, and the dispossessed children are being taught in railway cars used as school-rooms. The children in the picture seem to like the change

GERMANY ADAPTS HERSELF TO THE VARYING EMERGENCIES OF WAR

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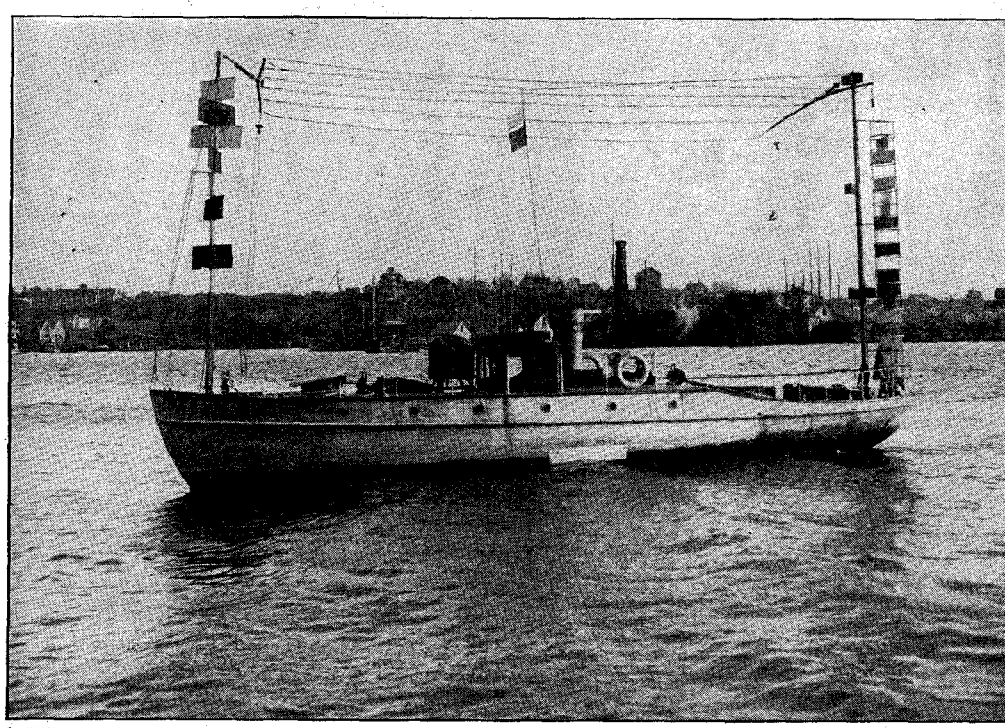
JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR., AND HIS ELECTRIC "DOG"

This obedient creation of the inventor's genius will go to the right or left, backward or forward, when signaled by a light of any kind whose rays strike the "eyes" in front. It illustrates the principle which is used practically in the boat pictured below



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THE WIRELESS TORPEDO-BOAT

John Hays Hammond, Jr., son of the well-known mining engineer, is the inventor of the wireless torpedo-boat shown in the picture. It is called the Natalia, and has recently undergone successful tests by United States authorities. The boat is steered by radio waves from a station on the shore, and has been sent twenty-eight miles out at sea in trial trips. See editorial comment

THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENT IN NAVAL WARFARE

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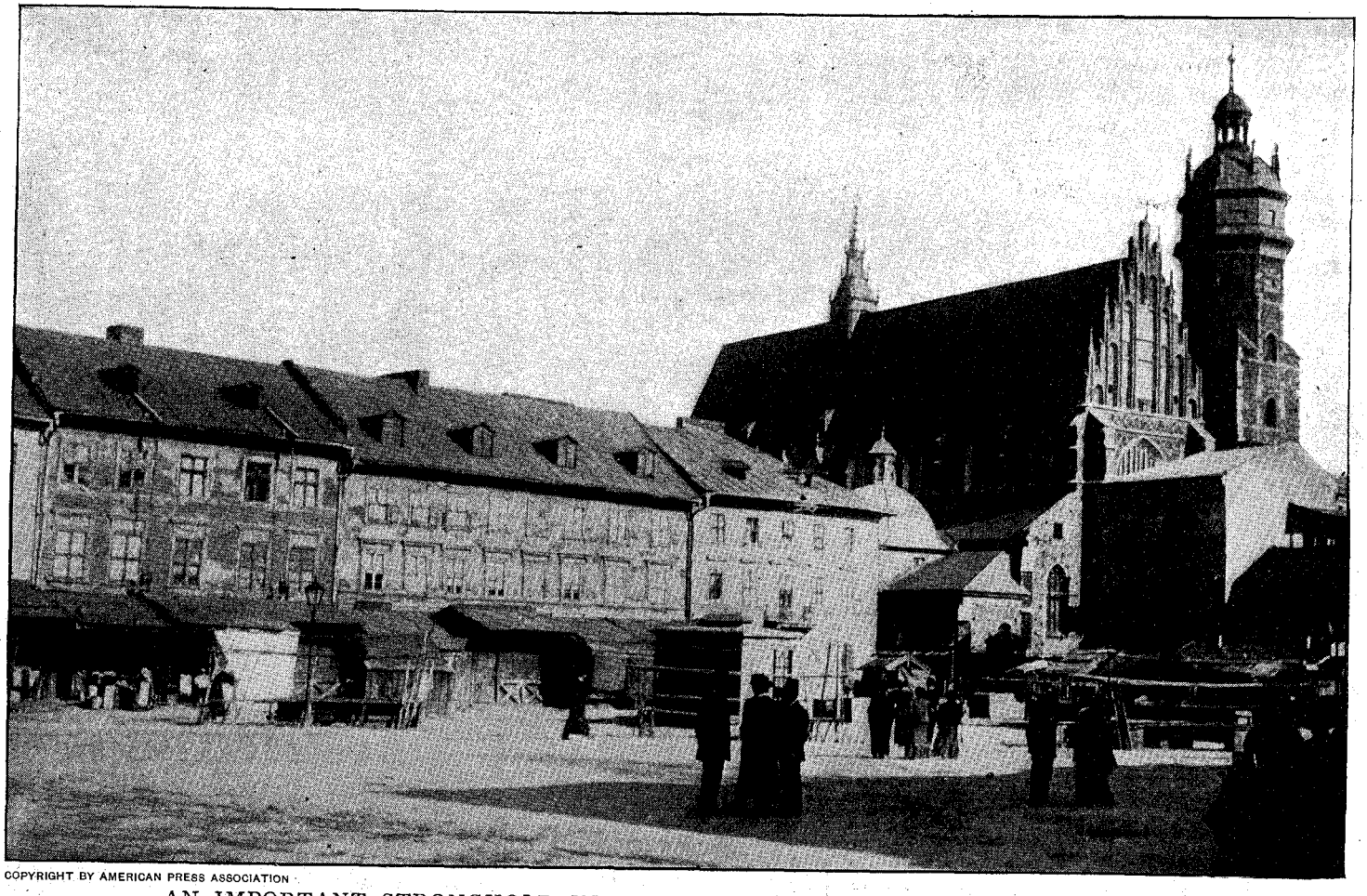

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AN IMPORTANT STRONGHOLD IN THE RUSSO-GERMAN-AUSTRIAN WAR ZONE

The photograph shows the Market Square of Cracow, a city in western Galicia which is figuring largely in the despatches from the front. Cracow is an ancient town with a checkered history; it was once the capital of Poland; it constituted a free republic from 1815 until 1846; it was then annexed by Austria

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M. EUGÈNE BRIEUX

M. Brieux has been visiting America as a representative of the French Academy at the meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, as related in The Outlook of December 2. He is the author of the famous drama, "Damaged Goods," which perhaps received even a wider hearing in America than in his own country. See editorial comment

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present possess. The idea of settling by arbitration the question as to whether a hungry man may take a loaf of which he has full physical strength to possess himself is chimerical and quixotic. So with the national needs and impulses that bring on war, which is simply the last expression of organized force, the balance-wheel of progress."

So with the cause of Germany, which to-day is undergoing its supreme test of physical efficiency. Not one-man power or lust of conquest drives men to action, but the primitive necessities, protection and sustenance, direct the desires of the people, and through them the course of their government. To destroy the monopoly in restraint of trade which Great Britain has established on the highways of the seas, to secure the essentials of national supply which we need for the maintenance of our ever-growing people, we wage war—with no apology to cosmopolitanism! How few Americans have studied the history of German civilization, and how many know us only through British spectacles! How few understand the essence of our political philosophy, and how many condemn us without grasping even its fundamental principle! It is not surprising to see German institutions abused by the great multitude of critics, whose sense of justice is dulled by ignorance, inherited animosity, business depression, or hostile influence. But it is strange to see men of intelligence, even scientists, compare effects without examining causes, enlarging upon results without consulting origins and sources of trouble.

Obviously, no two countries can be governed alike, because the political system, like the national ideals, is but the natural efflux of the different circumstances under which the people live and have their being. Character, tradition, and environment are controlling factors. So is size of country and natural isolation. A big cake is easily so divided up that every hungry mouth in the family has a fine sufficiency. With a small cake—contended and vied by hostile neighbors—it requires more severity, more system, and more restraint on the part of the governor to make everybody satisfied. Here lies the root of our political dissension: "republicanism" on the one side, "militarism" on the other.

Give us freedom from alarm, immunity from bondage to historical reminiscences, and a country only one-tenth as large and safe and resourceful as your own, and we shall be as militant in the arts of peace as to-day we are military in the arts of warfare. Give us time and security of existence, and be sure that in fifty years the German people will be freer politically, just as to-day they are more efficient in industrial pursuits and social service, than other nations. Prussian militarism is not a cause, but a result. There was a time when Voltaire's *bon mot* was well expressive of our attitude: "England rules the seas, France the land, Germany the clouds." We were idealistic to the point of folly and individualistic to the point of self-destruction. Our sentimentalism was exceeded only by our intemperance. But we were harmless—as long as we were cosmopolitan—and, though ridiculed, were tolerated by our neighbors, who used to settle their differences on German soil. At last we awoke to national consciousness, and—after centuries of dissension, humiliation, and derision—put forth our powers. What is more natural than that we should become a "peril" to all those who profited by the maintenance of political balance! I do not care to excuse our attitude, but to explain. The military bureaucratic system of Germany is the result of want and adversity. It was forced upon us by considerations of national expediency, and it has its grave defects in catering more to the powers of the State than to the pleasures of the people. But it also has its tangible advantages, because, under "Prussian rule," Germany has become not only the despair but also the wonder of other nations. So that we may say in defense of our system that in its own imperfect way it grapples with the situation, whereas your more ideal system of government does not. It also has a larger margin of political potentiality. For we can temper discipline with liberty whenever the time is ripe for it; but you cannot temper liberty with discipline, though the exigencies of the hour may some day require it.

In the last place, all dispute about the superiority of one system of government over the other is futile; because it is not the form of government which counts, but the character of the people by whom it is administered. "There is no form of government," says Franklin, "but what may be a blessing to the people if well administered." And there is no system that may not become a curse. Whether individual initiative or organized action is the preferable expedient of statecraft is a matter of

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circumstances. Conduct is the thing, after all, not the name. The only real guaranty against oppression by capital or mob lies, not in the programme or constitution of the country, but in the maintenance on the part of the people of national integrity and public-spiritedness.

Why, after all, should the German people abandon their political system, which has proved successful to the Commonwealth, and adopt American institutions, which are notorious for the contrast or discrepancy between recognized political principles and actual political life? If we apply the acid test of experience, which George Washington calls "the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing Constitution of a country," to American institutions, we find that the prevalent interpretation of the fundamental laws of the Republic is out of all harmony with the Puritan ideals which inspired them. And we find, further, after the sovereign power of the land has been capsized by commercialism, that the American people are trying in vain to regain possession of their Government.

Instead of one tyrant, of whom the Pilgrim Fathers wanted to rid themselves by establishing "a government of laws, not of men," there are now five hundred, who hide their faces in the twilight zone of legal technicalities. Or what else did the eminent historian Woodrow Wilson mean when he declared: "The most striking fact about the organization of modern society is that the most conspicuous, the most readily wielded, and the most formidable power is not the power of government, but the power of capital"?

Few Americans realize how carefully the executive circles in Germany are watching the democratic experiment in the New World; how in matters of immigration, amalgamation, emancipation of women, separation of Church and State, conciliation of capital and labor, last, not least, in the most debateful of all questions, popular government, they are keeping close record of promises and events. For thirty years we have been sitting at your feet and learning of your composure. I am even bold enough to say that the admiration for the stanch defenders of human liberty who adorn the history of the United States is as fervent in Germany as it is in America.

But for all the noteworthiness of the ideals which they cherished and of the institutions which they helped to create, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the great Republic did not keep in practice what it promised in theory. "Jefferson's fundamental doctrine," says Charles W. Eliot, "was the political and economic value of individual liberty." But the forces which were once so strong during the framing of the Constitution were in the course of time overruled by an even mightier force, namely, by the chieftainship of business, "which builds its power on the collective strength of economic forces and has won the battle in the three great departments of personal and social activity—industry, education, and government."

Now, if the absence of adequate rule in America offers so feeble a guarantee against the complete reversal of the fundamental principles of government—from individualism to collectivism, and from democracy to plutocracy—not to speak of corruption in its various forms; if the enlightened people of America, working as they do under the most favorable auspices of heredity and environment, with all their political liberties have been unable to preserve their economic independence, how can it be surprising that the German people hesitate to commit their country to the same policy of *laissez faire*?

Germany, in order to preserve her national existence, must remain strictly an *empire of efficiency*. She must continue to learn from the experience of other countries, and cannot afford to adopt unreservedly a constitution which is "all sail and no anchor," as Macaulay put it. She cannot tolerate a political system which leaves so wide a margin between aspiration and accomplishment, besides being the most expensive system of government on earth. The political emancipation of the German people is proceeding by the scientific process of logical evolution. Its instrument is obedience and its law is reason. With the blessings of constitutional government it combines the privileges of a strong executive, which stands high above the clamor of parties and acts free from slavery to instant gain. It enthrones public service above private initiative. It bridles the freedom of the individual constituent, inasmuch as such interference is requisite for the freedom of all.

This principle of executive efficiency, which is the essence of Prussian statecraft and the secret of Germany's remarkable successes, both military and civil, is being more and more appreciated and extolled even by American statesmen, who recognize that the source

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of all trouble in the United States is the minimizing of government and the magnifying of Business. "The danger to American democracy," says Theodore Roosevelt, "lies not in the least in the concentration of administrative power in responsible and accountable hands, since concentrated power is palpable, visible, responsible, easily reached, quickly held to account. The danger lies rather in having the power insufficiently concentrated, so that no one can be held responsible to the people for its use."

No people can glory in their freedom from control unless they are fit to make the best possible use of that freedom. No form of government, however universal, can bear good fruit unless the voters are capable of exercising their functions reasonably. No country, however situated, can afford to surrender its destinies to the ballot unless it is sure that the intelligent overrules the blatant. Hence, in the last place, it is not politics but *education* which decides the great issues of civic policy and determines the rank and respectability of a people among the nations. The country which encourages popular education prepares also the way for popular government. For enlightenment is the death of indolence, just as humanity is the death of egotism.

But Rome was not built in a day, and even the United States, after a hundred years of experimental democracy, is still far from the realization of democratic ideals. Wherefore Americans will not reproach us for our political preferences, because we value freedom which is born of discipline higher than liberty which is born of chaos. And they will not blame us for our war of independence, because a century ago they fought it themselves. Whatever be the established form of government in a country, aristocracy or democracy, and whatever be the dominant power, bureaucracy or plutocracy, it is well for the leaders of all nations to be ever mindful of this essence of political philosophy: "An exclusive government may be pardoned if it is efficient, an inefficient government if it rests upon the people. But a government which is both inefficient and exclusive incurs a weight of odium under which it must ultimately sink" (James Bryce).

II—THE AMERICAN POLICY A BLUNDER

BY DR. ERVIN ACEL

A POLITICIAN may commit a crime, but he must never make a mistake. The crime by means of which the threatened doom of a country is averted will be forgiven by history's goddess; but she never pardons a political blunder which causes the ruin of a nation's future. As to the bloody, smoke-laden European conflict, it seems to me obvious that the American people and the American press commit an unpardonable mistake in sympathizing with the Allies and in not siding with Germany. Let us suppose that the Kaiser's cause were opposed to the ethical standards of the world, and therefore it must now bear the weight of the neutral peoples' criticism; but, even if this were true, Uncle Sam's very interest requires that he stand by the German cause. It is very fine and does the United States much honor that she, sitting on the high chair of a world court, lends an ear to the complaints of the warring nations and judges of living and dead. But the war, sooner or later, will be ended; and then Uncle Sam will be pulled down from his high station to take his place in the whirling confusion of the egotistic political hand-to-hand fightings.

Surely the war will at last be over. And what will happen if Germany is crushed, England victorious, and Japan has seized Kiaochau and the German Pacific Islands? What will happen if Japan refuses to turn Kiaochau over to China? And surely she will refuse to do this. That egotistic people living in the poetical land of the rising sun never yet fought for nothing, and is not fighting for nothing now. She fights, bleeds, wastes her money and treasure; and, without fail, she will send her account in. Every man realizes that this account will require that Japan shall enter into possession of the German colonies. She would be crazy to fight without any resulting benefit. She will hold the territory conquered with the blood of her oblique-eyed sons. I know it, you know it, Washington knows it—everybody knows it.

Before Japan threw the old Samurai sword in the balance of the conflict she assured us that she did not intend to retain Kiaochau,

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and that she would preserve the neutrality of China. The United States accepted these terms and allowed the Mikado to soil with blood the green waves of the peaceful Pacific. After a short time Japan violated the Chinese neutrality by landing troops beyond the war zone and by seizing the Chinese railways, took possession of the Jaluit Island, and established a naval base in Hawaiian waters. Day after day the secret intentions of Japan grow clearer.

The United States has declared her conditions to Japan. But we shall find that Japan will never evacuate Kiaochau and the other German territories. In consequence, we shall have to choose between two courses of action: to back down in humiliation before Japan in an endeavor to preserve our peace; or, on the other hand, to enforce our demands at the point of the bayonet. In the event of such a conflict, England will aid Japan in just the same way as Japan is now aiding England. Attacked from the west by the Japanese fleet, from the east by the English armada, we can foresee our sure defeat—our ships captured or sunk, our commerce destroyed. The Mikado will land hundreds of thousands of his drilled and reckless soldiers in Canada, and these, with England's complement of Hindus, Negroes, and Australians, will be hurled across the Canadian frontier to fight against our troops.

If not immediately after this war, yet in a very short time, the Japanese-American question must be settled. And in this settlement the English fleet will back the Japanese claims; not only because England and Japan have a solemn agreement, but mainly because the English interests are antagonistic to those of the United States. A century ago England held the world commerce, the world power. But history has seen since then to England's disadvantage the birth of two formidable new Powers—Germany and the United States. And "good old England" looks enviously at the fresh, sinewy, strong-minded German and American giants.

The time has come for England, with the aid of France, Russia, and Japan, to crush, if possible, not only Germany's commerce, but her power as well; and if Germany is beaten in the conflict, the time is not far distant when Great Britain, with Japanese hirelings, will attempt to trample in the dust Uncle Sam's commerce too. The records of the past show that England never cared about right, truth, humanity. Her motto has always been, "Business first."

If in the power of the Japanese-English grip, Uncle Sam's worthiest and most natural ally would be Germany. As the first state of Europe and the first of America they must be named together. They have no opposing interests; they have the same arch-foe—England. And it seems like the perversity of fate that the United States should stand and clap her hands as she gazes down on the sands of the world arena and sees the destruction of her special future ally.

I have kept myself from a discussion of the ethical questions involved in the stand taken by America. Germany did right or did wrong; it does not matter which. But, however that may be, the very interests of the United States require a victorious Germany and a humbled Japan and England. *Therefore the American policy is a mistake, in view of the future, and a blunder in poticy is more unpardonable than crime.*

As to Europe, every century has its caryatid which carries the weight of its culture. There was a time when the world's culture found its highest expression among the Greeks, among the Romans, among the French. Now we see this high-water mark of learning among the Germans. Her philosophers, engineers, scholars, merchants, all "*marche en la tête de la civilisation*;" they lead the army of civilization. Should Germany be annihilated, none will be found strong and broad-shouldered enough to supply her place, appointed in Europe for her by God. We common mortals with ordinary endowment cannot replace a Voltaire or a brilliant philosopher, and the "people of poets and thinkers" cannot be replaced by other deteriorating European nations.

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POEMS

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

THE RUSSIAN COMPOSERS

These are the sorcerers, who in one song's space
  Can bring the ancient wizardry of the earth—
  Dim, savage, primal, passionate—to rebirth
In sinuous, thronging shapes of violent grace.

Old war-cries waken as the march goes by;
  New paths are riven by those storming feet;
  And through the thunders, mounting high and sweet,
Love sends the magic of its tender cry.

Their soul is of a people fierce and bowed,
  A great dumb spirit struggling into song,
  With uncouth joys, with moan of age-old wrong,
And hope—a wild star flaming from a cloud.

These are the sorcerers, who with lifted hand
  Can show the new earth's promise, in one gleam—
  The forward striving and the beckoning dream,
The red dawn stealing on a night-bound land.

THE INTERPRETER

You being gone, how should I find your mate
  For gentle thought and brave imaginings—
Insight, and subtle fancy, to translate
  The speech and soul of pure and tender things?

How should the forest set its music free,
  Lacking the wood-thrush with his silver call?
So should I miss the fair earth's minstrelsy
  Without your song, your heart, to voice it all.

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PETE CROWTHER: SALESMAN

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

GOING AFTER THE PEOPLE

THE theory of Karl Marx that most of the evil in this world has its origin in economic conditions is probably wide of the truth; nevertheless in the case of the average man the evil of moodiness and melancholy has a pretty intimate connection with the state of his business. It is hard for him to be cheerful and optimistic when his business is going back, especially when that condition threatens to become chronic. Nor is this altogether a matter of bread and butter and clothes. There is a popular delusion that the bread-and-butter question is the chief problem of life, but there are others. The problem of pride and prestige is quite as serious. That bread-and-butter problem is not so fearfully momentous when you come to think about it. Horace Fletcher has demonstrated that a man can get all the nutrition he needs at a cost of about twelve cents a day; and as for clothes, if a man will watch for his chance he can buy a very decent suit for eleven dollars and ninety-eight cents, or along about that. But when a man has gained a certain degree of prestige in his community and then begins to lose it, the mere fact that he has plenty of bread and butter and clothes offers a poor consolation.

John Farnsworth was sitting in his store indulging in an old-fashioned fit of the blues. Please notice that John was sitting. One way to get rid of a fit of blues is to work it off. One can seldom sit it off or meditate it away; but John was sitting and meditating. Furthermore, he had just struck bottom. There is always a subterranean level in the blues where the situation looks blackest. We have a historic instance of that in the case of Elijah under the juniper tree. Elijah was sitting, too, come to think. However, in his case there were strong mitigating circumstances. His life was in danger and he had nothing to eat. John Farnsworth's life was not in danger and he had plenty to eat, and yet in the matter of Stygian gloom John was running Elijah a pretty close second.

Enter now Peter Crowther, the traveling representative of Dodd, Garrells & Co., wholesale grocers. He took in the situation at a glance. However, anybody could have done that. A fit of the blues—the real thing—creates an atmosphere. There are microbes of melancholy, almost tangible, that radiate from a person who is feeling blue. A gloomy man can sit in a corner and fill a whole room with them without saying a word.

Pete proceeded at once to cheer John up—that is, he tried to do it. He called attention to the weather, which was fine, and John admitted it, but it didn't seem to affect him. Pete asked after the family. They were all well, and that should have made John cheerful, but it did not. Pete then told a story about an Irishman; it was a good story, too, but it failed to get a rise of merriment out of John. He was too far gone. Failing in these attempts, Pete proceeded to business, and he had no difficulty in getting an order, as Farnsworth was a steady customer; but the order was a small one.

"Your orders aren't as large this year as they were last," suggested Pete.

"You bet they aren't, and they wasn't as large last year as the year before," responded John, moodily.

"What's the matter, anyway, John?" asked Pete. "Business conditions generally have been pretty good."

"That's just it," replied Farnsworth, bitterly, "and yet my business has been gradually running down. See here, Pete, I am going to tell you a few things. I am considered a prosperous citizen up in this neck of the woods, and, by cracky, that's what I am! I started in here twenty years ago with only five hundred dollars, and I built up a good paying business. I own a farm of one hundred and eighty acres three miles out of town, and it's worth a hundred dollars an acre; and these store buildings and my residence are worth ten thousand dollars, and this stock of goods would inventory eight thousand dollars, and I don't owe a cent. I made it all in this store. Don't that show that I'm a business man all right?"

"Sure, that's a corking good showing, John," agreed Pete.

"I handle the same kind of goods and give people the worth of their money the same as I always did," continued Farnsworth, "but my business has slumped off forty per cent in the last three years, and people are begin-

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ning to talk about it. Those young whipper-snappers, Morgan & Bradley, over at Oak Ridge, are drawing a lot of trade away from me, and it beats all how many people are buying from those Chicago mail-order houses. Why, even my best friends are beginning to trade somewhere else. Just this morning Sam Jarvis drove past here with butter tubs and egg cases in his wagon. He was going over to Morgan & Bradley's all right. He turned his face the other way when he drove past. I've got a good notion to sell this business and move out on the farm."

"You wouldn't be satisfied," asserted Pete. "It would be too lonesome and slow out there."

"Maybe not; but perhaps you can give me some pointers. You travel around a good deal."

Pete was pacing the floor, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"Yes," said he, "I've been thinking about your business. Do you want me to tell you just what I think?"

"Certainly, spit 'er right out, Pete. That's what I am after."

"All right. I'll give it to you straight. It's like this: You are doing business just the same way you did ten years ago. But things have changed. It used to be so that if a man would carry a good stock and make his prices right, people would come after the goods. It isn't that way now. Competition is too sharp. The merchants have got to go after the people. That's what these big mail-order houses do. They go after people right where they live. They keep sending out catalogues and price-lists to a fare-ye-well. Live merchants everywhere are doing the same thing. They advertise and push—"

"But see here, Pete. How is a country merchant going to advertise? People in the country wouldn't notice the papers."

"Sure not; but he can advertise with printed dodgers and by making improvements in his business. People in the country notice and talk about every change that is going on, but you don't give them any chance. Take that old show-case there. How long have you had it?"

"About eight years, I guess."

"Sure; and it doesn't begin to show up your fancy goods and notions. That show window in front is too small to be any good. You keep a good stock, but most of it is in the back room where people can't see it. Morgan & Bradley don't carry as good a stock as you, but their store looks as if they had three times as much. People like to see plenty of stuff. You ought to have twice as big a building. It pays to put up a front and make the impression that your business is growing. People boost a man when he is going ahead, but they knock him when he is dropping behind. Another thing, John, you don't run any special sales. Everybody likes bargains occasionally. It's a mighty good stunt to have certain days when you sell some staple at cost—sugar or soap or canned goods or—"

"Yes, and they would come in and buy that article and nothing else."

"Sure; but that would get them to coming to your store. Going to a certain store is a habit, see?"

"I am an old-fashioned merchant, Pete. I am behind the times," said Farnsworth, sadly.

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell," asserted Pete. "A merchant must have the goods, give a square deal, make a show and a big racket, and go after the people. That's the modern way of doing."

"I guess I am too old to try new schemes like that. I am fifty-six."

"Nit, you've got twenty good years ahead of you, and, believe me, you have the best location here of any country store I know. Everybody knows you and you have a reputation for square dealing, and your credit is sound. You ought to be doing a big department-store business right here. Why, it's a cinch."

"Oh, I would have to make myself all over. I couldn't make it work, Pete. My habits of doing things are fixed. I guess I'll have to plug along in the old way and let things take their course."

"How is this for a scheme, John? I have got about five thousand dollars loose and I want to put it into a good business. Why not organize a corporation—The John Farnsworth Company—and issue stock based on a fair valuation of your goods and buildings, and let me take five thousand dollars of stock? I wouldn't want a better investment."

"But it would be the same old story. I would have to run the business and—"

"Wait a minute. My territory is in such shape that I could easily drop around and spend one day of the week here. Now, I know a young fellow—his name is Keefer—he clerks in a general store and gets about sixty dollars a month. He is a corking good

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clerk—a hustler and full of ideas. He is the best buyer I know. He's a scrapper, too—a corking good man with the boxing gloves. He has saved up a thousand dollars and wants to get into some place where he will have a better show. Why not let him take a thousand dollars of stock and pay him, say, seventy dollars a month? I believe that you and I and Keefer could start something. Of course I am just throwing this out as a suggestion. We might not want to do it after thinking it over. I will be back here again in two weeks, and meanwhile I will see Keefer about it. But, say!" cried Pete, as he shook hands good-by, "The John Farnsworth Company! That sounds kind of nifty to me."

On the train that afternoon, as Pete carefully considered the scheme, it looked increasingly good. "If we could get Keefer into it, I believe the thing would go," he mused. "I'll give him an earful of talk when I see him next week."

A week later Pete and his friend Joe Keefer were seated in a room at the hotel discussing the Farnsworth project.

"Yes, it looks pretty good," admitted Keefer, after Pete had laid the matter before him. "But, you know, Pete, I'm kind of stuck on the idea of starting a store of my own some day. I want to be my own boss."

"That's all right, Joe, but a man has got to have the capital. What could you do with only a thousand dollars, or, suppose you could borrow, say, two thousand more, where would you get off at? You couldn't get anywhere at all with a stock of less than six thousand. You'd be up against it all the time for money. Farnsworth has got capital, and I have five thousand that I could put in. We could discount all our bills. And here's another thing, Joe: I've got some selling schemes for a country store that I am going to pull off some day—regular commercial traveler stunts right out in the country. Believe me, the thing can be done. Now put Farnsworth's credit and reputation back of us, and you look after the buying, and you and I work out some selling schemes—why, say, we could start something down there. The situation is wide open."

Keefer sprang to his feet. "I guess you're right, Pete!" he cried. "If you can put the thing through, I believe I'll go into it with you."

When Pete returned the following week and interviewed John Farnsworth again he had a plan worked out, and as a result of his negotiation there occurred a reorganization of John Farnsworth's business. A corporation was organized called "The John Farnsworth Company," of which Mr. Farnsworth was president, and Pete Crowther and Joe Keefer were officers and stockholders.

Let the reader now take a mental hop-skip-and-jump and hurdle over an intervening period of eight months. An animated discussion was taking place one evening between the officers of the John Farnsworth Company. They were considering a radical and somewhat expensive innovation concerning which there was a difference of opinion. Pete Crowther was advocating it, John Farnsworth was sitting on the lid, Joe Keefer was temporarily upon the fence. In business combinations, as well as in politics and theology, there are always the stand-patter and the progressive arguing the matter out. It isn't a bad thing for business either. The union of centripetal and centrifugal forces holds the earth in poise, and what is good for the earth ought to be good for a country store. In this case the subject of discussion was the buying of a company automobile—not a car exactly, but a rebuilt machine especially constructed for the business. Pete had got plans and quotations. It would cost about nine hundred dollars.

"But see here, Pete," objected John, "just look at the expensive improvements that we have made in eight months. There is that new addition to the building that cost us eighteen hundred dollars, and there are all those inside fixings and improvements that cost over seven hundred dollars, and we have put in about two thousand dollars more goods, and now we have hired that girl clerk for the dry goods department—why, we've spent about forty-five hundred dollars! We ought to slow up a little."

"Sure, we've been handing out the money," admitted Pete, "but it has paid. The business has already increased about forty per cent. A thing is right, John, if it works," in which statement Pete was probably more strongly fortified in pragmatic philosophy than he imagined.

"What gets me is where you expect to make the money back with an automobile," said John in perplexity. "It looks like extravagance to me."

"Why, take the advertising feature of it alone, John; it would be the biggest kind of an ad. We would have 'John Farnsworth Com-

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pany' painted on the sides. I know a cigar man who travels in an auto, and has his special brand of cigars painted on the sides. He runs an ad for his cigars fifty miles long every day. He gets the business, too. It pays to put up a front. Just see how these big department stores hit 'er up in the daily papers. They've got Phineas T. Barnum looking like a Sister of Charity. Take our friend the chewing-gum man—look at that row of bald heads on all the billboards, and, believe me, it sells the gum. It pays to make a noise, no matter what line you're in. There is Billy Sunday, the evangelist. He used to play center-field on the Chicago team, you know. He was a corking good ball-player, too. He quit baseball and went into the evangelist business. When Billy is going to a town to hold meetings, he makes them build a big wigwam to hold several thousand people, and that's a good ad to start in with; and, say, did you ever hear him preach? Talk about slang! Why, I'm only a piker beside of him. Slang is his way of advertising, and he puts it over all right. It draws the crowds and gets the money too. Why, when Billy Sunday leaves a town he carries away a whole suitcase full of mazuma. Sure it pays to advertise."

"Do you think Billy Sunday is in it for the money, Pete?" asked Joe.

"Not on your life. He's in it because he's got religion and he wants everybody else to have it. He's a scrapper, too, and likes to fight the devil, and, believe me, when Billy comes to town the saloons get a stomach punch that they never forget. Of course he takes all the money that people give him—he'd be a curious gink if he didn't do that—but so long as they don't kick I don't see why we should. But the point I'm making about Billy is that he always starts something—advertises, see? Here's another thing about a machine: We can have it built so we can carry quite a stock of goods inside, and we can take goods right out to the people. But the biggest advantage about it is that it would help us get at the people better than any other way, and, you take it from me, we could put a crimp into these mail-order houses."

"How?" asked John, curiously. "If I thought an auto would help us buck them mail-order houses I would go in for it body and breeches."

"Why, it's like this: These mail-order houses get to the people with their catalogues, and people read them. But I'd like to see a catalogue that you can't chase under cover when you can see a man and talk with him. These mail-order people have had things all their own way. Nobody has talked up the other side. Believe me, a catalogue can't stand up before a game of talk when you've got the goods and prices, and that's what we've got. Wholesale houses have tried that catalogue business with the trade. They were going to put the traveling man out of the game. Did they do it? Not on your life. A salesman on the spot has got a catalogue skinned to a finish. That's where an auto comes in. You can cover the ground and get at the people. See?"

"What do you think about it, Joe?" asked Farnsworth.

"Why, it looked pretty expensive to me at first," replied Keefer, diplomatically, "but Pete has got a big point there. It would be a pretty good thing to fight those mail-order people at their own game."

It was the mail-order argument that won John over. In due time the machine was purchased and put into commission. However, it was with considerable misgiving and heaviness of spirit that John remitted the check for nine hundred dollars.

Pete immediately began to employ what little time he had at his disposal taking trips out into the surrounding community in the machine. While he was away covering his regular territory for Dodd, Garrells & Co., Keefer would take two or three auto trips each week. They took a business census of the farmers within a radius of eight or ten miles, and cultivated the personal acquaintance of the farmers and their families. They carried a supply of staples in the machine and sold goods from house to house, and scattered weekly circulars which they were issuing. They also prepared a farmer's mailing list for the circulars. Pete and Joe frequently conferred together, devising new ways of making the machine useful in the business.

"I am going to take the auto up into the Cornish neighborhood to-morrow, John," said Pete one day, after the machine had been in operation about three months. "Don't you want to go along?"

"Why, yes; I guess I can."

As they pulled out from the village next morning they were discussing a special sale of sugar to be held the following Saturday.

"Those special sales are getting the people to coming all right," said Pete. "They will all want some of that sugar."

"It looks like a good deal of work for no

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profit," replied John; "but we sold a lot of stuff besides those canned goods last Saturday, didn't we?"

"Sure. People always find that they want something else when they see it. We must have a special sale of Amigon coffee before long, and give a demonstration how to make coffee in a percolator. Those percolators have got coffee-pots skinned a mile. Wait a minute, I want to give Fischer a little holler," and he stopped the machine.

"Wie geht's, landsmann?" called Pete, as Mr. Fischer stopped his team.

"Ganz gut," replied Fischer with a grin. "Wie geht's bei dir?"

"Ziemlich," responded Pete. "Say, you better come down Saturday and get some of this sugar," and he handed Mr. Fischer a printed dodger which read as follows:

SUGAR AT COST

On Saturday, May 28, The John Farnsworth Company will sell 22 pounds of granulated sugar for $1.00. This is for one day only. Buy all you wish.

FINE OVERALLS CHEAP

We just got in the finest line of overalls ever shown here. They are extra heavy and reinforced throughout. They will wear like iron, and we are selling them at only 70 cents a pair. This is the price usually charged for a lighter inferior quality. Get a pair while they last.

THE JOHN FARNSWORTH COMPANY.

"One advantage of that circular over a catalogue," said Pete, as he climbed back into the auto, "is that it draws attention to only a couple of articles, and one of them selling at cost. They're sure to read it all. Isn't that the Norton family coming? I want to see Mrs. Norton a minute," and he halted the machine again.

"Good-morning," saluted Pete; "I want to make you a present of this cook book, Mrs. Norton. It would cost you seventy-five cents to buy one as good as that. It's full of corking good recipes, but if you want to get the best results you will have to use Amigon goods. And here is another present." Pete reached inside the auto and took out a bundle of packages. "Here is about sixty cents' worth of Amigon coffee and cocoa and baking-powder and extracts, with our compliments. All I ask is for you to try them. You will want Amigon goods after that."

Mrs. Norton thanked him. "I will try them and let you know what I think," said she.

Pete also handed them some dodgers.

"How long do you suppose Dodd, Garrells & Co. will keep on letting us have those cook books and samples free?" asked John, as they resumed their way.

"As long as we want, I guess," replied Pete. "I've got a pull there, but it's a mighty good ad for their goods, too. I talked it over with Mr. Dodd, and he said to go ahead and flood the community with them. You know nearly every recipe in the book calls for Amigon goods. People bite at free samples. It makes them feel as good to get a dollar's worth of stuff for nothing as to get five dollars that they earn."

Pete halted in front of a school-house. "Come here, kid," he called to a boy who was standing near the fence. "Do you want to earn ten cents?"

"Yep," replied the boy, eagerly.

"How many scholars are there in this school?"

"About forty-five."

"I will give you ten cents if you will hand each of them one of these circulars to take home to their folks."

"All right."

Pete handed the boy a number of the dodgers and also a dime. "Say, here are five pennies more. Now, you hire five boys at a penny apiece to help you hand them around. Give me a square deal now, and I'll give you another job some time, see?"

"You bet," responded the boy.

"Who lives at this place?" asked Pete as they approached the next farm-house.

"Do you remember that fat man that was sitting on the fence near the store one day that you told a story to about a Norwegian, and it tickled him so he almost fell off the fence?"

"Sure; does he live here?"

"Yes—Chauncy Whittaker—that's him over there near the barn."

"Hello, Chauncy!" called Pete. "How's tricks?"

"Pretty good," grunted Chauncy. "How's that Norwegian—haw, haw!"

Chauncy was not exactly prepossessing. He had a large wad of tobacco in his cheek, and his whiskers were liberally streaked with tobacco juice.

"That Norwegian is up and coming," replied Pete. "Say, Chauncy, here is a circular

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you want to read. You better get some of that sugar."

"You bet!" said Chauncy as he glanced over the circular. "Does that Norwegian wear some of these overalls?"

"Sure thing," laughed Pete, "and so will you when you see them. Is Mrs. Whittaker inside?"

"Yes; you'll find her in the kitchen."

Pete went into the house and presently emerged with Mrs. Whittaker, who purchased some of the goods which they had brought along in the automobile.

"This auto is productive of sociability," remarked Pete as they moved up the road. "When it comes to selling stuff, why, mixing is pretty near half of it. If a man wants to enjoy life and get the business, he had better go to it and mix with folks. It's great sport."

"Pretty ornary sport mixing with Chauncy at close range," suggested John, with a grin.

"Oh, well, everybody has got some good point, and Chauncy laughs at my jokes. You know you always like a fellow that laughs at your jokes. I guess he is buying most of his chewing tobacco and groceries now at our store."

About noontime, as they were nearing a fine, well-kept farm, Farnsworth called attention to it. "Jim Cornish is one of the hardest working men in this township, and his farm shows it, doesn't it? He buys from those mail-order houses. He has got a big family and has money in the bank, but say—talk about tight-fisted!"

"I guess this is where we get our dinner," said Pete, as he turned the machine into the yard.

"I don't know about that. Dinner costs money."

"Oh, they will probably invite us when we go in."

While they were eating dinner Pete drew from Mr. Cornish the story of his successful career as a hired man and farmer. He then volunteered the facts concerning his own advancement from office clerk at Dodd, Garrells & Co. up to his present position of commercial traveler and merchant. He grew enthusiastic in describing the business of the John Farnsworth Company. "You see, Mr. Cornish, it was a big thing for Keefer and me to get in with a man like Mr. Farnsworth here."

"If John wasn't setting right here," asserted Cornish, "I would tell you that he is as solid as a bank, and his word is as good as a bond."

Farnsworth smiled complacently, serene in the consciousness that all these things were true.

"That's it; and we discount all our bills, and that helps us to lower prices; doesn't it, John?"

"Yes, we are going to save about five hundred dollars a year in discounts alone," assented John.

"You ought to get acquainted with Keefer, Mr. Cornish," continued Pete. "You would be interested in him. He is one of the busiest gents you ever saw. He gets up at five o'clock in the morning and doesn't go to bed till ten, and he's always on the job. No matter what a man goes at, if he means to get ahead he must hustle. Hard work is the biggest part of the game. Isn't that so?"

"You're right," cried Cornish, glancing triumphantly at his boys. "Hard work is the whole thing."

"Keefer is one of the best buyers I ever met," resumed Pete. "You see he is one of these scrappy red-headed galoots that is always nosing into things and getting at the facts. Every evening you will find him studying goods and markets. When I first met him, he was the buyer in a big general store over at Plattville, and I found right away that I was up against a first-class buyer. Why, that boy could buy goods off me as cheap as I could sell them to myself, and that's going some. He knows all about goods—where they are made, what it costs to put them up—the whole business. When you try to sell that kind of a man, why, you've got to hand him inside prices or there's nothing doing. You see, Mr. Cornish, when a man is buying for a first-class country store that pays cash, why, he can get just as low prices as those big city stores can, if he knows his business. For instance, take one article that we are making a run on just now—overalls. Keefer got down to the bottom of the overall business. He knows how to test cloth, and just how the best overalls are made, and he bought them from the manufacturer at rock bottom prices. The result is that we are able to sell a heavy reinforced overall at seventy cents, the same price that these mail-order houses charge for lighter ones. That's the advantage of having a buyer like Keefer. That's why we are getting the overall business of this community? See?"

After dinner Pete presented Mrs. Cornish with a cook book and an assortment of Ami-

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gon goods. He also handed them a number of dodgers.

"I'll bet you the cigars," said Pete as they moved out of the yard, "that those people will be down to our store Saturday. Cornish isn't going to pass up a chance to get sugar at cost, and that spiel about overalls got under his hide, don't you think?"

"Yes, he listened pretty good," admitted John. "But why didn't you say more about the mail-order houses, Pete?"

"Why, we're not quite ready to start that campaign yet. We want to get a stand-in first, and locate the particular people to go after—the leaders, you know, and then specialize on it. I'm getting some facts for men like Cornish to mull over. When a farm is located near a thrifty town the land brings a higher price, but when these mail-order houses put a country town on the blink, why, it knocks the price of farm land all around it. I am getting facts to prove it. That will be a hard nut for Cornish to crack. We'll get after that in a few weeks."

It would conserve the sum of human happiness if, when a man is forging his way ahead and achieving something worth while, he could do it without arousing the antipathy of others, but things don't usually work out that way. The old familiar devil of envy—what Mark Twain called "pure cussedness"—usually gets roiled up within us when one of our fellow-citizens is getting on better than we are.

Early in the evening of the day when they took this auto trip, while Pete was busying himself in the dry-goods department, his attention was arrested by a voice out in the grocery room. It was the menacing voice of Ham Jordan, who had evidently been drinking. Jordan was a big, powerful fellow, and a fairly decent citizen when sober, but when drinking he was ugly and quarrelsome. He was just then talking insolently to Mr. Farnsworth, near the front door.

"Who is it, John Farnsworth, that pays for all this style you're putting on? Who pays for that automobile and all these fancy fixings? I'll tell you who does—it's us fellers who work and sweat and earn the money. That's who pays for it. It's time somebody showed you what's what. You need to be took down a peg, and I'm the boy that kin do it, and don't you forgit it."

"Now see here, Ham," said Mr. Farnsworth in a conciliatory tone, "you—"

"Don't Ham me!" cried Jordan, angrily. "Don't palaver around me. I kin mop this floor with you quicker'n you could bat an eye, and I got a good mind to do it right now!"

Just then Joe Keefer stepped quickly up from behind and touched Jordan upon the shoulder. He wheeled around and glared at Joe. They stood for an instant confronting each other."

"That will be about all from you, Ham," said Joe, quietly. "You better get into your wagon and go home."

Ham hesitated a moment, and then turned and walked out to his wagon and, climbing in, drove up the road.

"That was the first time I ever saw Ham Jordan back down," said Farnsworth in discussing the affair with Pete, "and it was the first time I was ever sorry that he didn't strike a fellow."

"Do you think Joe could lick him?" asked Pete.

"Yes; and I'd like to see him do it, too. If I was a younger man, I might undertake the job myself."

Later in the evening Keefer and Pete were talking about the matter.

"Ham will feel pretty sore because you faced him down that way," said Pete.

"Maybe; but what bothers me is what he said about who pays for all these improvements. Do you suppose that many other people have the same idea that Ham has about that?"

"Oh, I guess not. The fact is we are giving them lower prices than ever, because the trade is bigger."

"Sure; but I wonder if we hadn't better get out a circular and touch that up—prove it by actual figures."

"All right; but, say, Ham Jordan will lay for you the next time he gets a few drinks down."

"Oh, I don't know. Anyhow, he has got to understand that he can't come in and roughhouse this store. We can't stand for that."

It was a custom in the John Farnsworth Company to stay a while in the store on Saturday night after it was closed and talk over the day's business. Ideally the most restful place for a man on Saturday night is at home, but practically he often finds it a satisfactory thing to sit down at the scene of the day's activities and survey the results of a busy and profitable day.

On the Saturday night following their auto trip Farnsworth, Pete, and Joe were thus engaged.

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"I guess we're entitled to smoke a good ten-cent cigar to-night, boys," said John; "that Amigon brand, eh, Pete?"

"That's what," agreed Pete. "Say, Joe, how much sugar did we unload to-day?"

"Five barrels," replied Joe, who had been checking over the sales book. "But let's talk about something that we made a profit on. We sold eighty-four pair of overalls to-day and about a hundred and ten dollars' worth of Amigon goods, and over two hundred and eighty dollars' worth of other stuff. How's that, John?"

"Mighty good," admitted John. "I noticed that Ham Jordan came into the store with you after dinner, Joe. How did that happen?"

"Why, I met him on the street and I told him I didn't see why he and I shouldn't be good friends, and I offered to shake hands, and he shook and I gave him a cigar, and he came over to the store with me and bought some sugar and a pair of overalls."

"Oh, well, it's better to be friends than enemies, I suppose," assented John.

"Did you notice that Jim Cornish and his wife were in the store to-day, John?" asked Pete.

"Yes; he bought a lot of that sugar, didn't he?"

"Sure; but he bought four pair of overalls too, and Mrs. Cornish bought some Amigon goods. We are going to get that family to coming just like the Nortons. When you and I were out that day, John, we called on twelve families who weren't customers, didn't we? Well, eight of them came to the store to-day and bought some stuff."

Farnsworth was tilting back in his chair, his feet resting upon the top of a sugar barrel. He was complacently blowing rings of smoke up into the air. "I tell you what it is, boys," said he, "that automobile is all right."

THE SPECTATOR

IT is almost a generation since the spell of Henry Ward Beecher's oratory ceased to enthrall American audiences. To great hosts of adults of the present day his name is merely that of one of the world's famous orators, to be associated with Webster, O'Connell, Whitefield, and Patrick Henry in that gallery of portraits, more or less dim and vague, of celebrities whom we have never seen and who have left little for us to read. The Spectator counts himself fortunate in being among those who saw Mr. Beecher in the flesh and heard him speak, even if, as a youth, the Spectator may have been disposed to make a hero of the eloquent pastor of Plymouth Church—and Mr. Beecher was too sensible a man to wish to be a hero to anybody.

It was with peculiar pleasure, then, that the Spectator learned that other admirers of Mr. Beecher had united to place on exhibition in Plymouth Church a large number of mementoes of its famous pastor. A visit to the lecture-room of the church brought back stirring memories of some of the great events of Mr. Beecher's career, as well as of the peculiarities and habits that marked him as an individual. To speak of one of these first, in the foremost of the ten cases of souvenirs that lined the room was the familiar red bandanna handkerchief that Mr. Beecher carried. Was it his love of rich colors that led to the possession and use of this gorgeous piece of silk—or was it that some Negro slave, seeking passage to Canada on the Underground Railroad and stopping *en route* to see one of the demigods of his people, had presented such a handkerchief to his benefactor, and Mr. Beecher had promised to honor the gift by using it, and so had acquired the bandanna habit? Who knows? There, also, was the pressed flower from his mother's grave which Mr. Beecher kept in a frame on his bureau—a bit of tender sentiment entirely characteristic of the man. There was the thread-like engagement ring which had been worn by Mrs. Beecher until it was near the breaking point; and a watch-chain made from beads by Mrs. Beecher for her husband. And in another case was the quill pen with which Mr. Beecher wrote his novel "Norwood." The pen is bent, and the supposition is that the point was damaged through striking the floor when the author threw the pen downstairs from his study attached to a piece of paper bearing this triumphant message to Mrs. Beecher: "It is finished."

People who heard Mr. Beecher only during the later years of his life may have imagined

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that his sermons were always preached extempore or from brief notes. But here in one of the cases are manuscripts of sermons fully written out. These are, it seems, sermons preached in his early years. It may be, one thinks, that even then it was his habit to write one sermon and preach another. The Spectator used to be fascinated, in listening to Mr. Beecher, at seeing him refer to his notes and then launch forth in a burst of impassioned eloquence as the thought took hold of his mind and flowered into the happiest illustrations and the most fervid appeals. One cannot imagine Mr. Beecher confining himself strictly to reading a manuscript even in his earliest days as a preacher. That glowing imagination and wonderful vocabulary must soon have broken such bonds. It seems impossible to believe that Mr. Beecher ever learned anything by rote. The Spectator never heard him quote a line of poetry from memory; he said himself that he had no verbal memory. But he was his own poet, even though his poetry was never uttered in rhymes.

Of great interest to Plymouth Church were the subscription list of those who contributed to erect the present church building, with its names of many people who became prominent in the city's affairs, and the large photographs of these men placed upon the walls—active, alert citizens, who helped Mr. Beecher to make Plymouth the best-known church in the country. There also was the record of Mr. Beecher's ordination as pastor of the church, November 11, 1847, and, nearly forty years after, the resolutions of the City Council drawn up in Mr. Beecher's honor in 1886, the year before his death.

The Spectator did not notice among the many manuscripts of the exhibition any manuscripts of Mr. Beecher's prayers. Of course there are none. They were purely extemporaneous. And to many they seemed the finest expressions of the great preacher's feelings. The Spectator loved to listen to them—the spontaneous outflow of a reverent spirit with the rarest gift of sympathetic utterance. How wonderfully felicitous seemed the imagery! The precise word and the happy phrase sprang seemingly unbidden to the lips of this servant of God. The Spectator seems to remember one of them, in which Mr. Beecher thus spoke of the death of some of his own children: "O Father, in thine infinite wisdom thou hast taken them to thyself. Men say that they are dead. Father, thou knowest that they are not dead. My little children are not in their graves—they are singing on the boughs of the tree of life!" The tender tones in which these words were uttered are indescribable. They brought tears to the eyes of many whose hearts were stirred by memories of similar tragedies. Some of these prayers have been published, but when in type they seem to lack the soul that made them, when uttered, the supremest expression of spontaneous devotion.

Several suggestions of Mr. Beecher's political activity are found in the collection; for the great preacher was almost as deeply interested in politics as in religion—indeed, his view of life made politics to him a vital part of religion. The Spectator heard him many times in Presidential campaigns; and he believes that Mr. Beecher would have forgiven him for his youthful enthusiasm in saying, after listening to one of those great addresses, "Oh, why don't they make Mr. Beecher President!" Such a diversion of his natural gifts would probably have spoiled a prince of preachers and made a poor President; but it was his young hearer's fervent wish at the time.

One of the Spectator's most vivid recollections of these political addresses is connected with a meeting at the old Brooklyn Academy of Music in the campaign of 1880. The incident illustrated Mr. Beecher's courage as well as his freedom from prejudice. Robert G. Ingersoll, the "infidel" orator of the day, was to speak at the Academy. To the astonishment of many of his friends, Mr. Beecher offered to preside at the meeting. Can any one who was present ever forget the applause that greeted the two men after Mr. Beecher's words of introduction: "For the purposes of this meeting, for the sake of the cause for which we both stand, I give the right hand of fellowship to Robert Ingersoll!" And when Ingersoll got his opportunity, in the course of his address, he turned to the chairman of the meeting and said: "The world waited for Mr. Beecher; the world waited for him to strike the shackles from the slaves; the world waited for him to strike the shackles from our minds; the world waited for him to help every noble cause." And at the close of the meeting Mr. Ingersoll

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exclaimed, with his characterisic sledge-hammer gesture, "My friends, I want to do this thing right. Everybody get up." The entire audience rose. "Now let's all of us give three grand cheers for Henry Ward Beecher!" And he led them in ringing tones.

Another occasion on which Mr. Beecher showed his indifference to formal ecclesiastical ties was in a great meeting to celebrate the centenary of the birth of William Ellery Channing. Many noted Unitarian ministers spoke at this meeting, most of them extremely well and some of them at considerable length. Mr. Beecher was on the platform, and the great audience waited expectantly to hear him, for he was last on the programme. He rose to the occasion, as he always did. Taking out his watch as he began, he said, with characteristic humor: "It is now an hour at which a man of good habits like Dr. Channing would have been in bed and sound asleep for a long time." Then, explaining his presence at a Unitarian celebration, he placed himself at once beyond the bounds of denominationalism—even those of Unitarian denominationalism—by saying: "I have listened with pleasure to the many tributes to *your* Channing. But you have no right to call him *your* Channing. He is *our* Channing as well." As the Spectator left the hall after Mr. Beecher's noble discourse on fraternalism in religion, his sentiments were aptly expressed by an overheard remark of one of the auditors: "Beecher is the king of them all." And the Spectator thinks that this tribute really expressed the feeling of every one with whom this most remarkable man came in contact—that he was a born king of men.

THE NEW BOOKS

"OUT OF MANY NOVELS"

III

The agitation which pervades society is reflected in the novels of the day; many of them are as full of unrest as the books of the Socialists, the feminists, the futurists. The contemporary novel is often a kind of highly specialized and dramatized newspaper; it is so entirely of to-day that to-morrow its interest will be as extinct as that of this morning's journal. The older novelists showed us character modified by society, convention, caste; the news element was largely absent. Dickens introduced the journalistic note which is absent from the stories of Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, George Eliot; and, while Meredith was as far away from present sociological conditions as was Stevenson, and Mr. James is also far from being on terms of intimacy with reformatory movements, many of the novelists have come so close to the vital interests of the hour that fiction has become an informal history of the time.

Fiction has both gained and suffered by this intimacy with life. The "stuffy and muffy" old-time popular story has disappeared. The "best seller" is often very poor and cheap, but it is almost always more or less alive; it is often violent rather than powerful, melodramatic rather than dramatic, and coarse in fiber. The novelist relies on the quick appeal of his material rather than the skill or power of his presentation.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is one of the novelists who have listened to the voices of her own time, but she has not allowed them to usurp the functions of art. Of the stories that bear impress of a passing phase of thought and experience none has been more sincere or finer in feeling and form than "Robert Elsmere," which had a very wide reading when it appeared twenty-five years ago. But the phase of religious thought and experience which it presented with such moving sincerity has passed, and readers are no longer interested in a reflection of its lights and shadows. The artist has a difficult course to steer between the urgent appeal of life and the detachment of mood which distinguishes between the transient and the permanent in the tense feeling of the moment.

In "Delia Blanchflower" Mrs. Ward has succeeded in dramatizing the agitation for the extension of the suffrage to women, largely because she has preserved a detachment which has enabled her to see the various aspects of a movement much wider and more complicated than partisans and fanatics understand. It is this broad and sane dealing with highly combustible material which will appeal to thoughtful readers and has enabled Mrs.

[1] Delia Blanchflower. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Hearst International Library, New York. $1.35.

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Ward to write a novel rather than a propagandist pamphlet like Miss Johnston's "Hagar." She has given us characters rather than types, and she has dealt fairly with the single-minded fanatic who, like all fanatics, becomes dehumanized by a concentration of interest and will that obliterates all other duties and claims, and ends in a kind of voluntary insanity culminating in a lawless and useless waste of her life; with the brilliant young enthusiast; with the sane and earnest women who believe that the suffrage is to be secured by patience, faith, and the conversion of public opinion, as other changes are slowly effected in society.

The three types of women in the suffrage movement are drawn with skill and insight by one of the ablest and most accomplished women of the times, who sees in the movement not a problem but a profound and many-sided movement in human affairs. It is for this reason that "Delia Blanchflower" is a deeply interesting novel. If it is objected that the ending is somewhat melodramatic, it may be replied that fanaticism is always more or less melodramatic.

There is no hint of problems in Mr. Hagedorn's "Faces in the Dawn,"[1] although the wind of change blows through the dull German parsonage and brings the conventionally trained pastor and his wife to self-knowledge and to life. The change is wrought by a breezy young American and a charming young German girl whose mental horizons have been broadened by the wide Colorado landscapes and the freer life of the great hills.

Mr. Hagedorn has written verse of a quality which puts him in the front rank of the younger American poets, and his training as a poet serves him well in his first venture in fiction. His story is free from the hesitation and awkwardness of the novice; his style is simple and fresh; he has plenty of sentiment, varied and chastened, so to speak, by humor; and his dealing with his characters is full of that reverence for simple human nature which discovers and evokes its finer possibilities. It is not likely that a more vivacious and tender Christmas story will appear this season.

If sheer ability justifies the writing and publication of a story, "The Three Sisters,"[2] a strong, painful novel from the hand of Miss Sinclair, needs no other justification. It is a book powerful alike in its description of the background and in its analysis of character. The men and women seem to have taken something out of the rugged, bleak landscape in which they live. The book has a suggestion of merciless fatality behind it. The three sisters are sketched with masterly power, but there is no relief, either of humor or of incident. The story marches on like a Greek tragedy in which everybody is involved and out of which nobody issues with any reasonable happiness. It is unfortunate that Miss Sinclair has been so long obsessed by the subject of sex; and that, while she deals with the subject always with seriousness, she deals with it so continuously. This story confirms the impression of her unusual ability; and it also suggests the novel which she has not yet written and which it lies in her power to write so far as her intellectual equipment is concerned; the novel which should deal with life in its breadth and range, and which should be realistic in the sense that it avoids the offense laid at the doors of the romanticists—the selection of materials, not to convey the sense of life, but to deepen the definite impression which the novelist wishes to make.

It is interesting to note that we have this season pictures of the old-time Mississippi passenger boat from two well-known American novelists. The background, and, for that matter, the foreground, of Miss Murfree's "Story of Duciehurst" is the Mississippi River and its banks; while Mr. Cable's "Gideon's Band"[1] is played on one of the palatial boats of our fathers. The time is eight years before the Civil War. The *dramatis personæ* are members of the families who are rivals for the control of the passenger traffic of the Mississippi River. On the same steamer are the father and son to whom the boat belongs, and the wife, daughter, and three sons of their rival. A feud, one of long standing, has been in abeyance. It suddenly comes to life on the decks of the steamer, for there is plenty of combustible material in the temperaments of the various actors. While this drama is rapidly formulating itself, so to speak, a greater tragedy involves the steamer itself; for cholera breaks out among the immigrants on the crowded lower decks. The crisis is met by the different groups of passengers according to their temperaments. The young people, eager to

[1] Faces in the Dawn. By Hermann Hagedorn. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.
[2] The Three Sisters. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.35.

[1] Gideon's Band. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.35.

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forget for a time their danger, organize an amateur entertainment; but all the while there is an almost panicky sense of danger in the air. A revivalist preacher takes the opportunity of driving home a sense of their impotence to his excited auditors. The story is told largely in conversation. It is distinctly melodramatic. There are passages in which it is not easy to trace the line of development, and the story becomes blurred; in the scenes in which incidents are described Mr. Cable shows his power of vivid realization.

Mr. Sheehan, one of the authors of "We Are French," [1] a characteristic and interesting story of contemporary French life, has been a well-known American correspondent abroad, while Mr. Davis has been a dramatist and the editor of the Munsey magazines, and it is said has collaborated in many stories, though he has never until the publication of this story put his name on the title-page.

"We Are French" is a transcription of the romantic, rather flamboyant French spirit. It is the apotheosis of a local celebrity by his comrade, a French Zouave, who in Algiers has bravely risked his life for his comrade; and now that they are living in retirement the comrade loses no opportunity of holding his friend up as a knight without reproach. Then recognition comes from Paris. The old Zouave is summoned to receive the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. A great dinner is prepared; the President of the Republic is to be present. The two old soldiers resolve to walk to Paris. The whole village practically starts with them; but at the end they alone remain faithful to their task. There is a tragic touch at the conclusion and also a very pretty bit of romance; and the story, though written by two Americans, is thoroughly French.

Unclassifiable and inimitable is Mr. James Stephens's "The Demi-Gods." [2] Like his "Crock of Gold," it is in turns humorous, poetical, and mystical, but always whimsical. The adventures of a resourceful Irish tramp, his daughter, and their donkey, in company with an archangel, seraph, and cherub who casually join them over their roadside fire, are in the telling audacious and deliciously amusing. It would be hard to match anywhere in recent literature the fun and imaginative quality of the narrative of the theft by an archangel ("Finding is keepings," said the archangel) of Brian O'Brien's thrippence, whereby heaven and hell were convulsed and Ireland disturbed.

"In My Youth" [1] shows the life of a small Quaker community in Indiana about sixty years ago as seen and lived by a little boy who as an old man relates it to imaginary grandchildren. One cannot overpraise the simplicity, naturalness, and charm of this narrative. As a relief from penny-dreadful best sellers and problem novels the book is fine and true. The reader who misses it loses real and worthy enjoyment.

Mr. Adams has two subjects in "The Clarion," [2] and he is an expert in each. His effective campaign against patent medicines and drug abuses and the wretched advertising thereof and his practical newspaper experience are both utilized cleverly. Everything that could be wrong about any town is wrong in Worthington, and everything that could be wrong with a newspaper was wrong with the "Clarion." There is naturally a certain exaggeration resulting, and there is also an astonishingly long-continuing moral blindness on the part of the young editor who tries to make the "Clarion" honest. But, faults aside, the book has life and energy, and more than a spice of fun is mingled with the melodramatic incidents. It should open the eyes of the indolent who think it is folly to fight civic graft and a corrupt press.

A very imp of mischief perched upon the shoulder of the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" when she wrote "The Pastor's Wife," [3] another tale of international marriage. Audacity and satire run riot, yet the wit we love in "Elizabeth" is here, though somewhat acidulated and occasionally verging upon actual coarseness. The heroine is an impossible person, but her position as the wife of an East Prussian pastor, with her training as the repressed daughter of an Anglican bishop, affords a fine chance for the author's telling comparisons between the two nations now so prominent in the thought of us all.

The two great escapades in Ingeborg's short history are as fantastic and improbable as possible, but the author's skill is not over-

[1] We Are French. By Perley Poore Sheehan and Robert H. Davis. The George H. Doran Company, New York. 50 cents.
[2] The Demi-Gods. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.30.

[1] In My Youth. By Robert Dudley. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.35.
[2] The Clarion. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.
[3] The Pastor's Wife. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, Long Island. $1.35.

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taxed in making her actually consistent. If England is as she describes it and Prussia is truly depicted, let us be humbly thankful that we are in far-away America.

Everybody who read Miss Zona Gale's "Christmas," and warmed heart and hands in the glow of genuine human feeling, relieved by unaffected humor, which pervaded it, should read her "Neighborhood Stories;"[1] tales of the same Middle Western village told in the same engaging, intimate way. The initial story, "The Great Tree," has already become history in more than one community, and "Merry Christmas" has taken on the volume of a corporate good wish. The most striking fact about the eleven stories in this volume is the extraordinary amount of human nature packed into them; and their good sense and humor are not less obvious. The village people who speak in them are of the homely American sort—independent, outspoken, kind-hearted, shrewd, and humorous. Miss Gale does not blur the edges of their native traits by writing about them; they show themselves plainly in their talk or are very distinctly shown in the talk of the neighbors, which has pith and point without malice. The humor of village life is abundant and illuminating; and in dealing with local conditions not a little light is thrown on some perplexities of such scope and compass that we call them problems and forget that behind that abstract word there are simply groups of men and women. Miss Gale understands this fact, which has immense importance, and that is one reason why her stories are so interesting. The volume is entertainingly illustrated.

Four readable stories may be characterized in a few words: Mr. Louis J. Vance's "The Lone Wolf" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, $1.30) is a clever, improbable Paris crime story. Mr. W. W. Jacobs's "Night Watches" (Scribners, New York, $1.25) is another of his jovial volumes of tales about sailors on shore, not inferior to its predecessors. Jack London's "The Mutiny of the Elsinore" (Macmillan, $1.35) is an exciting, excessively brutal tale of a sea voyage in a sailing sloop, in which happens nearly every conceivable sensational thing made possible by a crew of cripples, incompetents, scoundrels, and maniacs. "His Royal Highness," by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Appleton, $1.35) tells of the love of a royal Prince of England for the daughter of an ex-President of the United States. The story is amusing and well invented until the Prince becomes King, when the strain on probabilities becomes too strong and the interest drops.

Life of Rutherford Birchard Hayes (The). By Charles Richard Williams. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $7.50.

Mr. Williams has written a good biography. It is particularly good because, by a judicious use of President Hayes's diary and private correspondence, it affords a clear view of the inner life of the man who, elected President of the United States by, as many still think, fraudulent means, surprised the country by the independence of his character and the excellence of his Administration. At nineteen Mr. Hayes wrote in his diary, "Let me triumph as a man or not at all." Four years later, on the eve of his departure from the Harvard Law School, he records the resolution, "I will strive to become in manners, morals, and feelings a true gentleman." Mr. Williams's account of his career as lawyer, soldier, State Governor, and President leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that he strove earnestly and succeeded admirably in living up to this resolution, and in "triumphing as a man."

Not brilliancy of intellect but moral worth is the dominating characteristic of the portrait that gradually emerges from these pages. As one reads one feels with increasing force the justice of the verdict, rendered by nearly all recent historians, that, no matter how Hayes became President, it was well that he did become President. Mr. Williams himself, Democrat though he is, frankly admits with regard to the disputed election his belief "that in the final arbitrament essential justice and right prevailed." His treatment of Mr. Hayes's policies as President, and especially of his termination of "carpetbag" government in the South, is detailed, careful, and in the main most satisfactory. Altogether, then, this is a valuable addition to American political biography.

Charm of Ireland (The). By Burton E. Stevenson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Stevenson, by story and picture—both of them unstudied but illuminative—makes Ireland seem abundantly worth while to the tourist. His book consists largely of the personal notes of a sympathetic traveler who knows how to get the "native" to talk, and the conversations recorded are sprightly and informative as to present-day conditions among the Irish people. Most American readers will be surprised at the number and variety of the interesting things

[1] Neighborhood Stories. By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

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that are to be seen in this comparatively little-visited country during a comprehensive tour such as Mr. Stevenson enjoyed.

Eternal Priestess (The). By B. L. Weale. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.35.

This tale of foreign life in China is the product of intimate acquaintance with the conditions and is characterized by extreme intelligence. It is an unrelieved picture of grim realities, as any one who knows commercial and political life in the Far East must acknowledge. The author is intensely serious and invites only people with a sense of humor to read his book. It is our sober judgment that a better sense of proportion in the author himself would have eliminated much that offends, and added to the more perfect balance of truthfulness.

Mystery of the Oriental Rug (The). By Dr. G. Griffin Lewis. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.

The author presents in this monograph certain facts that are essential to the subject, and gives us an attractive, beautifully illustrated manual of information on rugs. A larger treatment of the same fascinating pursuit may be found in "The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs" by the same writer. The arrangement of text, plates, and the key to the plates, with the small price, make the volume most desirable.

Valley of a Thousand Hills. By F. E. Mills Young. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.30.

A story of English life in South Africa, well written and of high value, comes just now with especial force, in the face of probable Boer and English complications. The hero, Heckraft, manager of a big business, feeling his way in life, develops splendidly under pressure. If Alieta, the Boer girl, is a bit too fine and strong, her profound and noble womanliness wins us. The old racial antipathies crop out in social and business relations, as they always will until the plain teachings of Christ are practiced every day and everywhere.

Martha and Cupid. By Julie M. Lippmann. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.

The story of our friend Martha harks back to the days of her courtship; and while there is a slight evidence of effort to keep up with her reputation in wit and shrewdness, still we fall captive to her spell. Martha's principles on choosing a mate are as sound as those with which we have become so familiar in other vital matters of her history.

Spell of Spain (The). By Keith Clark. The Page Company, Boston. $2.50.

The author's experiences in Spain were not greatly different from those of the ordinary tourist; but he has a happy knack of observation and description, and comments in readable fashion on what he sees. There are many pictures.

Come Unto These Yellow Sands. By Margaret L. Woods. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.

A prettily told fairy tale for children. It is made suitable for gift purposes by its large page and by colored pictures, which are not, however, of a very high order of merit.

Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy (The). By Henry C. Vedder. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

This trumpet call to the Church by the veteran Professor of Church History in Crozer Theological Seminary is dedicated "to the millions who toil without hope that the thousands may enjoy without thought." It vibrates throughout with the old prophetic fire of Amos and Hosea, Isaiah and Micah. It is addressed to the Church as awakening, not yet wakened, half of it not yet "converted to God" because not "converted to their fellows" according to Christ's gospel of human brotherhood. The problems which his Church must solve or perish are set forth in all their menace—the problem of social justice, of woman, of the child, of the slum, of vice, of crime, of disease, of poverty, of lawlessness. A grave difficulty is found in the ignorance and apathy of a large part of the Church and the clergy toward dangerous facts. The rebukes administered for this are as severe as those given to the Pharisees in Jesus' time or those uttered by modern labor leaders. The small betterments made in social conditions are recognized, but the root-and-branch problem of social reconstruction is set forth in its stupendous greatness.

Dr. Vedder doubts if the federated churches that have pledged themselves to promote it have any real apprehension of what it involves. The wage system must go, because inseparable from exploitation by capitalism, and capitalism must go with it. For lawlessness large responsibility is imputed to our legal system as "fundamentally unjust," and to courts that have almost ceased to be respected. "Lawlessness is a barometer of social evils;" it will decline in degree as "law and order" are Christianized. None of the volumes on social problems heretofore put forth by Christian leaders is better furnished with convincing facts, none so radical at its climax in pronouncing for the abolition of poverty, for which the churches in Federal Council have resolved to work. Dr. Vedder writes as one to whom, as to Isaiah, a divine voice has spoken, "Cry aloud, spare not."

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BY THE WAY

Seattle expects to see a great many of the visitors to the San Francisco Exposition next year. Besides her own attractions, Seattle is the starting-point for Alaska, and the tide of summer travel will probably set strongly toward that wonderland in 1915. Steamers will leave Seattle for Alaska, one statistician figures, every 17½ hours during the busiest season.

Edward F. McKenzie, an engineman who last year won a prize for an article on "Keeping a Good Lookout on a Locomotive," showed last month that he practices what he preaches. A signal went to the danger position when McKenzie's train was only an engine-length from it. He succeeded in stopping his train before it ran into two freight cars which had been derailed from another track and thrown in front of his engine, thus preventing a serious accident.

House plants, according to "House and Garden," sometimes suffer from too much dust raised by sweeping. "Every fortnight," it says, "the foliage of plants should be washed. This may be accomplished by rubbing the leaves slightly with a damp rag or by spraying with water."

David Harum, a writer in the "Country Gentleman" says, was a real character, a man named David H. Hannum being his actual prototype. Hannum was a man of large ideas as to the consolidation of farms, but his shrewdness and wit were more notable than his practical ability. The big farm that he managed for a time has now become a profitable investment through the work of an efficient organizer with abundant capital.

A Massachusetts man has built a miniature dreadnought, thirteen feet in length, which has all the features of a real battle-ship, including guns that fire, range-finders, wireless instruments, gunners, and even a band that plays martial music. The vessel is propelled by electricity, can make ten miles an hour in smooth water, and cost its constructor $15,000.

While cathedrals in Europe are tumbling as a result of bombardment, in Chicago churches are being enlarged—at least this is true of one church, which has been lengthened a number of feet by an enterprising engineering concern. The rear section of the church was moved back fourteen feet, and the space filled with a new section weighing several hundred tons. The structure was moved back on steel rollers at the rate of one foot an hour, though this work was preceded by two months of preparation.

Writing of fashionable dinner parties, Franklin James in the "Atlantic Monthly" says that the first impulse of every known chef is not to feed the hungry but to "show off," and all chefs show off in precisely the same way. He pleads for simplicity in menus, and says that as Miss Fotheringay, in "Pendennis," declared she would go anywhere with a gentleman who offered her lobster and champagne with honorable intentions, he would go anywhere to a hostess who offered him corned beef, no matter what her intentions.

Wheat from California and nitrate from Chile are the largest items of freight so far carried through the Panama Canal.

In the diary of John Hay, published in "Harper's Magazine," General McClellan is credited with an epigrammatic excuse for his delays. When the suggestion was made to him that an unsuccessful battle was preferable to delay, since a defeat could easily be repaired by the swarming recruits, he said that he "would rather have a few recruits after a victory than a good many after a defeat."

An Englishman writing of America in "Travel" says that if he were asked in which city of the United States he would best like to live, he would reply, "Salt Lake City." Mormonism, he declares, whatever its faults, has produced a most charming city, "calm, peaceful, open-hearted," under the shadow of the mighty Wasatch Mountains.

The American Red Cross, at Washington, D. C., besides being an agency for the relief of sufferers from great calamities, aims to help the individual worker who meets accident. It publishes a small booklet, costing thirty cents, which gives directions on first aid to the injured among industrial workers, miners, railway men, policemen, and firemen. There is also a women's edition, which includes advice on the common ailments of children.

A society has been formed in Cairo for preserving the pure-bred Arab horse. It is said that recent changes in the lives and habits of the Bedouins have resulted in the deterioration of these horses. A practical horseman of wide experience says that as a rule the Arab horse is now no better treated than our own horses, whatever may have been true of the old days when such poems as "The Arab to His Steed" were written.

Edward P. Flint, a correspondent writes, apropos of a recent note on this page, is the only survivor and the youngest member of the famous Vigilance Committee of San Francisco that restored law and order in 1856. In the "Sunset Magazine" of last June Mr. Flint's recollections of the Vigilantes appeared, constituting, our correspondent says, "a story of unique value."

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